

COMMENT OF
THE DAY

Victory Prelude

THE Conservatives have still to win the May 26 general election, but viewed in the light of their successes this week in the county borough contests, it is difficult to believe they will fail.

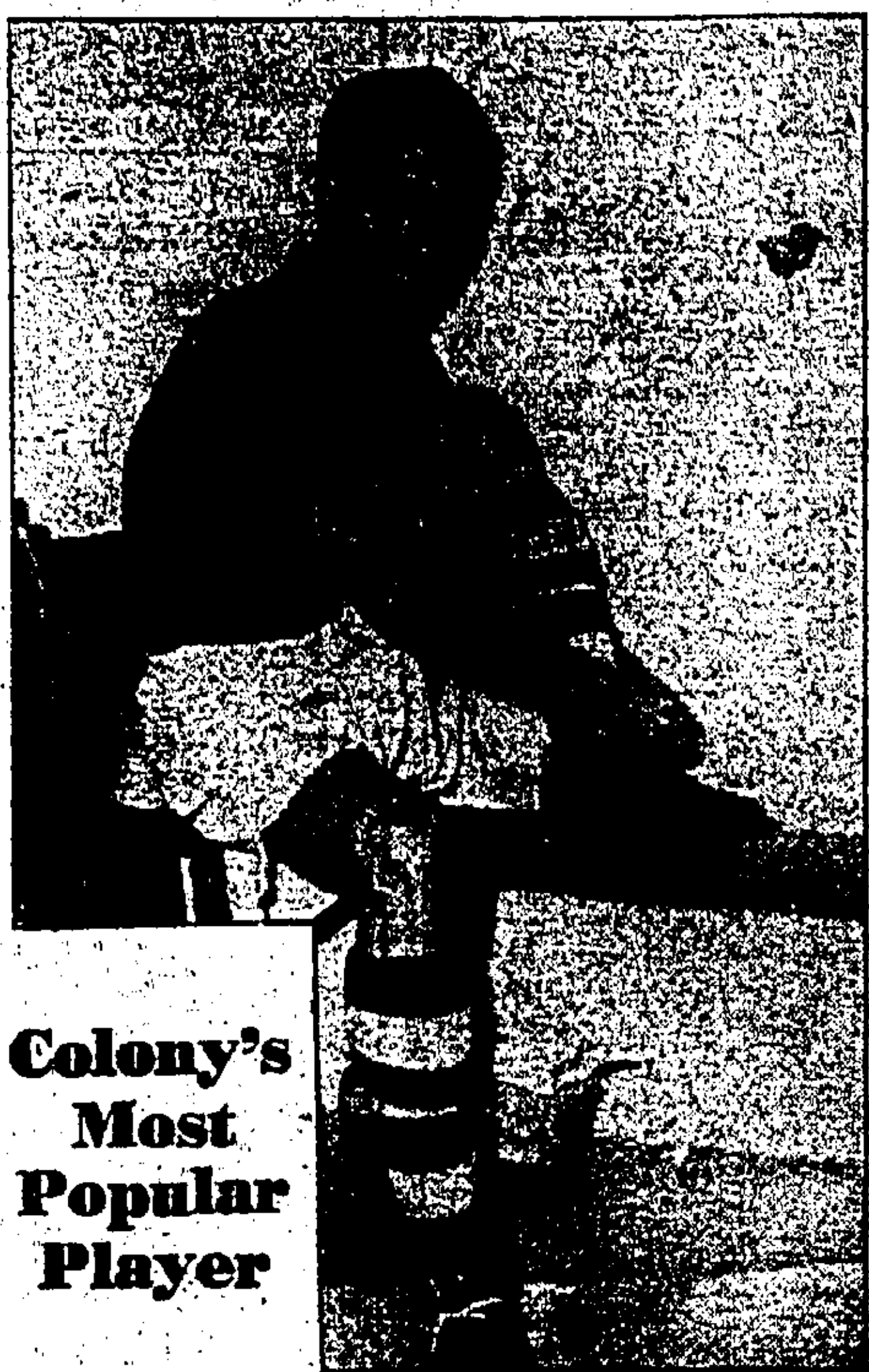
True, the Tories have, if cold figures alone are the yardstick, only recovered much of the ground they lost to the Socialists in the borough elections of 1952, and the "landslide" must be evaluated accordingly. They were expected to do well, and earlier this week the Economist assessed the elections "in the following terms: 'It has been estimated... the Conservatives and their allies should recover between 200 and 300 borough council seats; any gain below 200 should be regarded as a Tory defeat for May 26 and any gain significantly above 300 should be regarded as a Tory bull point.'"

In the event the anti-Socialists, when results from two boroughs were still outstanding, had scored a net gain of 343 seats, and Labour had lost control of 11 councils. The result undoubtedly can be regarded as a Tory bull point, and must make them firm favourites to win the general election.

THE Socialists' sorrows over the borough elections are not confined to the gains made at their expense by the Conservatives. Indicative of the strong anti-Labour Party trend in England and Wales was the improved representation of the Liberals and Independents. The Liberals have already scored a net gain of eight seats, and the Independents 25.

The conclusion which suggests itself is that the British electorate at this time is in no mood for Socialism—local or parliamentary. Nothing could be more significant than Labour's loss of control in such cities as Bolton, Reading, Burnley and Northampton—all recognised Socialist strongholds—and the reduction of their majority in Birmingham from 32 to 10. If the "floating" vote goes the same way on May 26 as it has this week in the borough elections, the return of the Conservatives, with an increased majority, is assured.

HK's Footballer
Of The Year



Colony's
Most
Popular
Player

Public Nominates
Tong Sheung

With a thumping three to one majority over his nearest rival, Tong Sheung, the brilliant South China Athletic Association player has been nominated by the public as Hongkong's Footballer of the Year for the 1954-55 season, and with this title he also wins the China Mail silver cup offered by the South China Morning Post, Ltd.

Tong Sheung, who was runner-up last year to Mike Granger of the Army in the Footballer of the Year contest, polled 981 of the 2,439 votes cast by the public.

Last year the total number of votes cast was 1,557, of which Granger polled 639.

Nearest nominee to Tong Sheung in this year's competition was W. Morris of the Army who collected 324 nominations.

Tang Yee-Kit, of Kowloon Motor Bus was third with a poll of 225.

Altogether 19 players received nominations—one less than last year.

In addition to the first three already mentioned, the following received votes: H. Higgins

(Army), Wainley (Army), Moss (Police), Morry (Army), Ng Koo-cheung (Kwong Wah), Hui Yung-sang (Sing Tao), Yiu Cheuk-yin (South China), Mok Chun-wah (South China), Ho Cheung-yau (South China), Chu To-keung (South China), Chu Wing-keung (Kitchener), Pau Kin-yen (South China), J. D. Wade (Club), J. Streetlam (Houkama), Wai Fat-kim (KMB) and Szeto Yiu (KMB).

Arrangements are now in hand for the presentation of the China Mail Footballer of the Year cup to the winner, Tong Sheung.

Austria
Denied
Atomic
Weapons

Vienna, May 13. Austria will be expressly forbidden to produce or use atomic weapons, under the terms of the new Austrian State Treaty scheduled to be signed by the Foreign Ministers of the four occupying powers and Austria on Sunday, it was learned here today.

Austria will also be forbidden to buy or procure war material from Germany or Japan under the treaty.

The treaty, ending the occupation of the country and restoring Austrian independence is shorter than the working treaty adopted in 1949, which served as a base for the new treaty.

Many clauses, notably those which limited Austrian future independence, were eliminated from the old treaty. Other clauses took into account the changes in the international situation which have occurred since 1949.

The Big Four Foreign Ministers were expected to study the details of the new treaty when they meet tomorrow, probably at the Allied control building.

The four ministers will meet tomorrow evening for dinner at the American Embassy, where the United States Secretary of State, Mr. John Foster Dulles, is staying.

Diplomatic circles here believed that the four ministers would at that time exchange views on world political problems and lay the groundwork for future meetings, such as the projected Big Four conference.

—France-Press.

Coal Strike
Over

Doncaster, May 13. The three-week-old Yorkshire coal strike which has lost Britain almost a million tons of coal virtually ended tonight when the miners who started the dispute decided to go back to work.

It is expected that all the 44,000 men still idle will now resume work.

Leavers of the 27,000 miners in the Doncaster area where the strike over piece rates first began tonight agreed to recommend a return on Monday on the promise that their pay demands would be met.

Only the fillers, the men who load on the conveyor belts, were actually on strike but the pit could not operate without them.—Reuter.

LOSES APPEAL

Washington, May 13. Cedric Beitz, British author, yesterday lost his appeal against an order deporting him from the United States on the grounds of his alleged membership of the Communist Party.

The Board of Immigration Appeals rejected the appeal.—Reuter.

BIGGEST BLOW

Buenos Aires, May 13. The Argentine government struck the biggest blow yet against the Catholic Church today when the all-Peronista Senate approved a bill to end tax exemptions for religious institutions.—Reuter.

Powers &
Rights Proposed
By West
JOINT RESOLUTION

Washington, May 13. The four Western powers at the London disarmament talks have proposed to Russia that an international control organ must have "full responsibility for supervising and guaranteeing effective observance of all the provisions" of a world disarmament treaty.

This was contained in a joint resolution by Canada, France, Britain and the United States on April 21 to the London disarmament conference.

It was published by the State Department here today along with all the other documents submitted to the London talks between February 25 and May 9.

The whole question of international supervision of world disarmament is the key outstanding issue between Russia and the four Western powers.

The new Soviet plan, announced on Wednesday, did not state clearly Russia's attitude to the Western insistence that the control organ have full powers before any disarmament starts.

The publication of the documents follows Moscow's disclosure of its new plan put to the London conference on Tuesday.

The Western resolution on control states that the international control organ must be granted the right:

1. To be stationed permanently in the countries adhering to the disarmament agreement.
2. To exercise access to areas from and travel within the territory of participating states and unrestricted access to all installations and facilities are required by them for the effective performance of their responsibilities and functions.
3. Of unrestricted use of communication facilities necessary for the discharge of their responsibilities.
4. Of inviolability of person, premises, property and archives.

THREE PHASES

The Western resolution also demands that "the control organ shall remain in being to ensure that the reductions, prohibitions and eliminations are faithfully and permanently observed."

It stipulates that "the control organ must be in a position and able to carry out its tasks immediately upon each phase of the disarmament programme begins."

The Western disarmament plan is in three phases while the new Soviet proposals are in two.

POWERS SOUGHT

The resolution asks for the control organ to be given these powers:

1. To determine the details of the methods and processes of supervising and guaranteeing the effective observance of the various phases of disarmament.
2. To supervise and verify the disclosures of information at each stage of the disarmament programme with respect to all armaments, armed forces and related installations and facilities.

China Mail
Feature
Highlights

Page 5—Colonel Blood stole the Crown Jewels.
Page 6—Charles II pardoned him. Richard Herd recalls one of the world's strangest stories.
Page 7—Goldfish Club series continues.
Page 8—Sir Beverley Baxter: "Can I Call the Russian My Brother?" What can we do if the Kremlin men show a gesture of sincerity and peaceful intent. Saturday short story.
Page 9—Did It Happen? Geoffrey Catterall tells of an exciting trip in America.
Page 13—After Polls, what? Les Armour tells of the new deadly viruses which may cause new diseases. Fury or So-called-bow. Exotic ideas. Robert Mackenzie, noted BBC commentator, writes the first of three special Election articles.

Army Mails
Used For
Smuggling?

INVESTIGATION
ORDERED

Ottawa, May 13. An investigation is being made into reports that army mails are being used to smuggle contraband goods into Canada from Japan and Korea.

Announcement of the investigation was made by the press office of national defence headquarters today after inquiries had been made there about a report appearing yesterday in the Vancouver Sun saying such an investigation was being made.

The official announcement said the investigation was ordered "early this week" after receipt of report that such abuse of the army postal services were going on.

It is understood it was launched on the basis of inquiries from newspaper correspondents in Vancouver and Ottawa, before the story appeared in print in the Sun.—Reuter.

INHERITANCE
REJECTED

Woman's Fear Of
Reprisals

Edinburgh, May 13. Fear of reprisal has caused a woman, in Communist Czechoslovakia, to turn down a \$66,000 Scottish inheritance. It was revealed today.

But a Court ruling has made it possible for attorneys to carry out the will in her favour if the bequest is approved later.

The woman was named as beneficiary in the will of a former Prague University professor, Mr. John Herdman Smith, who died here on March 26.

Attorneys handling the will wrote to the woman, who remained unidentified for safety. She replied asking them to correspond with her because she felt the Communists might take action against her.

A Court ruling yesterday made it possible for the woman to receive the money even if she refuses to participate in the legal proceedings.—United Press.

Inquiry Request

Washington, May 13. The United States government has requested British authorities in Singapore to investigate the fatal bombing of an American correspondent, Mr. Gene Symonds, by demonstrators yesterday.—Reuter.

Scelba Wins
Again

Rome, May 13. Premier Mario Scelba tonight won another round in his fight to keep his centre coalition Cabinet going at least until important regional elections in Sicily on June 6.

In a heated five-hour meeting a big group of voters in his own Christian Democrat Party was talked out of a threatened plan to bring the government down immediately.

The meeting marked the second check to the efforts of this group to put an end to the Scelba government and to unseat the present left-wing party leadership.

Led by former Premier Giuseppe Pella and other prominent right-wing Christian Democrats, the rebels bowed to the majority of the Party in agreeing that the government should be left in power until the Sicilian elections.

But they secured a promise that Premier Scelba would immediately try to work out with the three parties in the coalition a precise government programme for the future. These parties are the Christian Democrats, Social Democrats and Liberals.—Reuter.

MAU MAU
CHIEF SLAIN

Nairobi, May 13. Mau Mau "Brigadier" Gichane, who led the gang which last October abducted and buried alive a British farmer, Mr. Arundel Gray Leakey, has been killed by a tracker team of the 5th Battalion, King's African Rifles, it was officially announced here today.

Gichane, believed to have joined the Mau Mau in 1953, emerged as a gang leader last August and had lately been a lieutenant of Mau Mau "General" Tanganyika in the Mount Kenya forest.—Reuter.

NOW 3 FLIGHTS WEEKLY
HONGKONG - TOKYO

FLY
JAPAN AIR LINES

FLIGHTS
LAAVE
HONG KONG
MONDAY
TUESDAY
WEDNESDAY
THURSDAY
FRIDAY

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RESERVATION
NOW

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CANTON HOUSE, DUDDELL ST., H.K. TEL: 33824
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RPM 10-30 SPECIAL MOTOR OIL

CAN INCREASE GASOLINE MILEAGE UP TO 15%!

CalTex

This single oil combines the best features of grades SAE 10-20 and 30 — is recommended for use in any climate, any season — in new cars or old.

TRY A CRANKCASE FULL TO-DAY

Which drink
is a beauty treatment?

The pleasant way to keep your skin clear and youthful is to drink a glass of lime juice night and morning. For this refreshing drink, with its cool, clean tang, purifies the blood — Nature's own beauty secret. Get a bottle of lime juice today and start the treatment tonight! And let all your family share the benefits of drinking lime juice regularly.

WHAT IS LIME JUICE? Pure and simple, the juice of the world's most thirst-quenching citrus fruit. The best lime juice is the purest — the juice of the green, unblemished fruit. Sifted and strained, lime juice is a natural skin conditioner. It's the best of fruit power — clean, not spiced or flavoured.

Lime Juice for clear complexion
The best you can buy is Bood's

KING'S PRINCESS

At 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 p.m. / At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

SHOWING TO-DAY

ALSO: LATEST BRITISH PARAMOUNT NEWS
1955 CUP FINAL AT WEMBLEY

KING'S

TO-MORROW
at 12 noonA SPECIAL PREMIERE PERFORMANCE
G. ULANOVA

World-Known Soviet Ballerina

"STARS OF RUSSIAN BALLET"

featuring "THE SWAN LAKE", "FOUNTAIN
OF BAKCHISSARAI" and "FLAMES OF PARIS"

In Glorious Color

Admissions: \$1.50, \$2.40, \$3.50

BOOKING NOW OPEN!

PRINCESS

TO-MORROW
Extra Shows

At 11.00 a.m. U-I & Columbia present

A Variety Programme of
Technicolor Cartoons & The 3 Stooges

At Reduced Prices!

At 12.10 p.m. A Superb Indian Picture

Shakila — Sajjan — Bhagwan in

"HALLA GULLA"

Produced & Directed by Bhagwan
Music by Chitchochet and Nisar

15 Reels — At Regular Prices

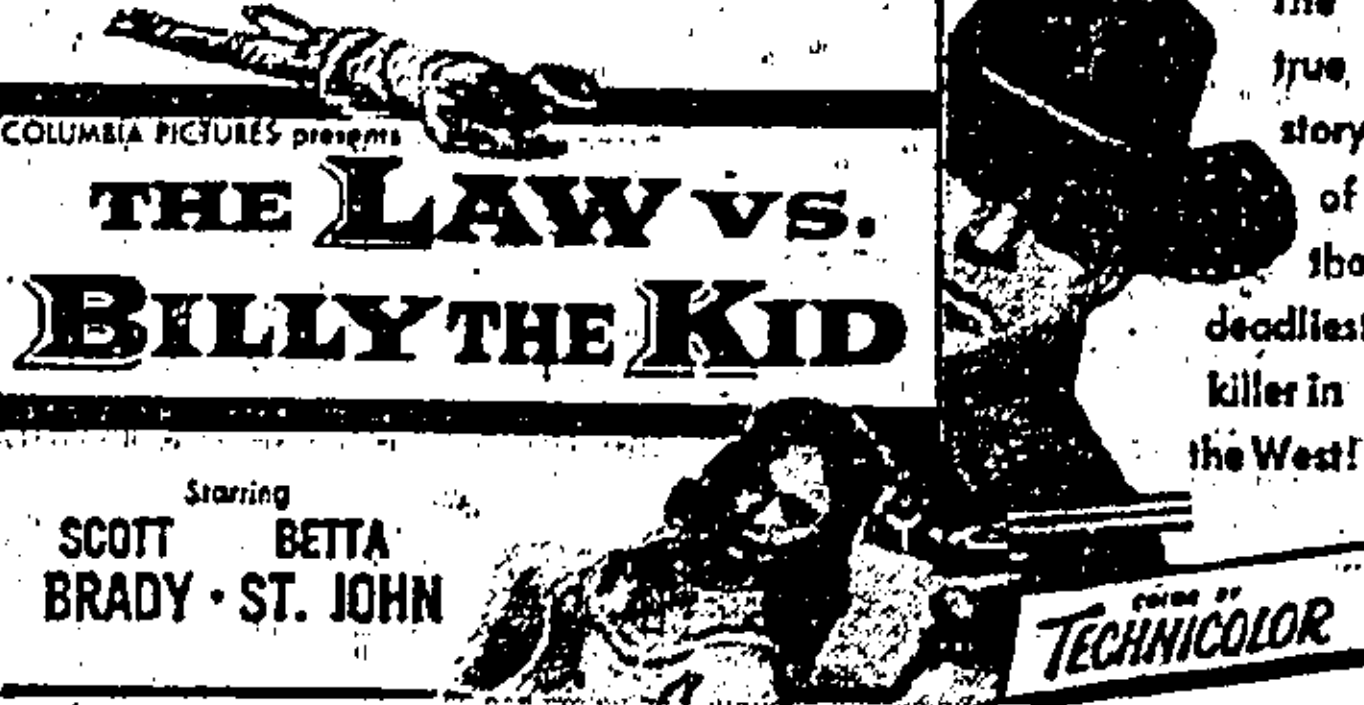
LEE Theatre

AIR-CONDITIONED AND OZONIZED

DAILY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

SHOWING TO-DAY

"Never sit with your back to the door..."

MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.00 NOON
MIGHTY MOUSE COLOUR CARTOONS
At Reduced Prices: \$1.50, \$1.00 & 70 Cts.

ROXY & BROADWAY

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★

Owing to length of picture please note change of times:
AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.ADDED ATTRACTION! CINEMASCOPE Short Subject
"SUPERSONIC AGE" In Glorious Color.
BOOK EARLY TO AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT!ROXY: To-morrow Morning Show at 12.00 Noon
THREE STOOGES COMEDY AND CARTOONS
PROGRAMME
Presented by Columbia — Reduced Admission
\$1.50, \$1.00 & 70 Cts.BROADWAY: To-morrow 5 Shows of "Violent Saturday"
Extra Performance at 12.00 Noon.

FILMS—CURRENT AND COMING

By JANE ROBERTS

That's Stewart Granger on the left surveying a lake
village in "Green Fire""Green Fire" is a swash-
buckler of the type that
looks tidy on Stewart
Granger, but would make
many a better actor look
ridiculous.Perhaps I'd better qualify
the description by saying that
it's a swashbuckler without
swords, castle walls and dusty
dungeons.The swash and the buckle
all come from Stewart
Granger's swaggering portrayal
of a present-day adventurer.The director obviously start-
ed off with the idea that Mr.
Granger must be a devil-may-
care Romeo who has made and
lost fortunes, acquired a mining
degree and a wife-cracking
partner somewhere along his
chequered career, is persuasive
and altogether a very dashing
fellow.The play of Mr Granger
must have been slightly re-
sistant this time, however, as
a petty gambler who flirts with
his typist, has a talking knowl-
edge of mining and is sulky,
rather than dangerous when
crossed.Not somebody whom the
aristocratic Grace Kelly, owner
of a South American coffee
plantation, would be likely to
fall in love with however lone-
ly her position, in a million
feet of celluloid.Paul Douglas, on the other
hand, is the dependable type.
Very much against his will he
throws in his lot with his part-
ner when Stewart Granger
paints a glowing picture of
emeralds to be picked up almost
as easily as stones from a moun-
tain he's discovered. Douglas
must have found this a very
pale role compared with some of
the others he's had in the past
and it often appears as if having
realized that there's nothing
much he can do with it, he's
given it a minimum amount of
attention, allowing what lime-
light there is to fall on Stewart
Granger.Now don't take it for granted
that this is a dull picture—some
of the lines are quite funny and
much of the action is lively. It's
just that it's merely another
adventure story with many loose
ends left untied that could have
been played just as well by
second class feature players,
leaving at least two of the three
stars to turn their attention to
something more worthy of their
capabilities.

Search For Hidden

Treasure

In Haiti a man who has a
"Golden Mistress" is a man
who is always searching for
hidden treasure — or at
least, so the Press Book on
this picture tells me.The history of this island has
been stormy enough for any
number of family fortunes tohave found their way under-
ground.When Columbus first discover-
ed it there were Indian fisher-
folk living there, but their
numbers dwindled as a result of
pirate raids, fights over gold
and the sudden withdrawal of
the protection of Spain.Both England and France had
a prominent part in Haiti's past
then, until the rise of Toussaint
L'Ouverture, and Henri Chris-
tophe brought the negroes to
the top.Immense sugar fortunes were
being amassed through all these
troubled times as well as a vast
amount of captured wealth
brought in by the pirates, so
the buried treasure-theme of
"The Golden Mistress" is quite
within the bounds of possibility.The seekers are John Agar
and Rosemarie Bowe.Retrospect In
A Death Cell"Cell 2455, Death Row"
is a grim, brutal picture
about a boy who started
stealing from necessity but
in the course of time became
a hardened criminal with no
pity or feeling for anyone.Serving several prison sen-
tences before finally receiving
the death penalty he comes
out on the screen as such a
troublingly "little hoodlum"
that it's difficult to find
for him even the instinctive
sympathy to be felt for anyone
on the run.But the most frightening thing
about the picture is the
part showing juvenile
delinquents cold-bloodedly
planning their hold-ups.Many sets of circumstances
could have gone into the mak-
ing of an adult criminal, but
for youngsters to take to crime
for the sheer love of it seems
infinitely depressing.

Another scene from "Green Fire"

Bank Robbery
On A Saturday"Violent Saturday" will
almost certainly still be on
next week-end, and when I
have had a chance to see it
I will deal with it in more
detail.For the moment, from what
I've read of the plot, from
what we've come to expect
from the actors and from the
trailer, it looks like being a
good film.It's a mixed bag of action,
suspense and character study,
with a little humour added as a
seasoning.The three would-be bank
robbers are J. Carroll Nash,
Leo Marvin and Stephen Mc-
Nally, but don't expect his-
sable types from all of them. They
too have their problems and
some of the town's sterling
characters are, to even the
score, not quite as upstanding
as they appear to be.Still Quick On
The DrawHe never drew first and
he never shot second." This
was the epitaph of one of
the screen's favourite bad-
men—Billy the Kid.I don't know the history of
this juvenile delinquent inwestern garb, but according to
the latest picture glorifying his
questionable exploits, he was
just a misunderstood, young
fellow, forced in the first in-
stance by the code of the West
(remember the fun Jack Carson
had with this in "Red
Garters") to kill a man in self-
defence, and as a result was
sucked deeper and deeper into
trouble.In "The Law vs Billy the Kid"
Scott Brady plays him as a
hot tempered young man, im-
patient of curbs and more than
a shade irresponsible, but with
a rigid sense of fair play, a
luxury in which he could
afford to indulge, as nobody
could beat him to the draw!
Betty St John, for once out
of native girl costume, is his
faithful sweetheart, hating
violence, but having such im-
pulsiveness and sweetness.

★ ★ ★

Abbott and Costello Meet the
Keystone Kops" is a fair sample
of the kind of humour we've
come to expect from this pair.
They lose and make money with
equal ease, fool and are fooled,
all with no apparent rhyme or
reason, yet manage to keep their
script free from bad taste and
their gags from offensiveness.

Now Gable Goes

West

When Clark Gable was
here recently making
"Soldier of Fortune" he
answered a lot of provoca-
tive questions about his
public and private life but
didn't include any news of
his future commitments.
We now learn that he has
signed to appear in a multi-
million-dollar western to be
made in colour and one of
the new big-screen pro-
cesses.There are four women's roles
in "The Last Man in Western
Bound", but the names of the
rest of the cast have not yet
been announced.Susan Hayward is with him in
"Soldier of Fortune", Jane
Russell in the almost completed
"Tall Men" and both she and
Jeanne Crain starred with him
in "Cimarron". Marjorie Brun-
ette, possibly all three will
shoot it out with him in "The
Last Man in Western Bound".The New Films At A Glance
SHOWINGHOOVER and LIBERTY: "Green Fire". A search for
emeralds in South America involving the glamorous
owner of a coffee plantation. Stewart Granger, Grace
Kelly and Paul Douglas.KING'S and PRINCESS: "Abbott and Costello Meet the
Keystone Kops". The famous comedy team become film
stars.LEE: "A Hundred Little Mothers". An Italian picture with
English subtitles. William Tubbs.NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "The Golden Mistress".
Adventure story set in Haiti. John Agar and Rosemarie
Bowe.QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Cell 2455, Death Row". The
case history of a criminal, told from the death cell.
William Campbell.ROXY and BROADWAY: "Violent Saturday". Three bank
robbers plan a hold-up involving the private lives of
most of town's citizens. Richard Egan, Victor Mature
and Stephen McNally.

COMING

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "Deep In My Heart". A life of
Sigmund Romberg with many well-known M.G.M. stars
making brief appearances. Jose Ferrer and Marie O'Brien.KING'S and PRINCESS: "Black Horse Canyon". A western.
Joel McCrea and Alan Ladd.LEE: "The Law vs Billy the Kid". A western justifying
the trigger-happy Billy. Scott Brady and Betty St John.KING'S, PRINCESS and LEE: "Underwater". A search for
buried treasure. Jane Russell, Richard Egan and Gilbert
Roland.NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "Out of the Clouds".
Romance on a civil airliner. Anthony Steel, Robert
Beatty and David Keith.QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "East of Eden". Repression,
passion and the results of both. Julie Harris, James
Dean and Raymond Massey.ROXY and BROADWAY: "The Outlaw's Daughter". A
western. With the eldest Dalton's daughter trying to
prove she's as tough as the rest of the gang. Bill Wil-
liams and Kelly Ryan.

AROUND AND ABOUT HOLLYWOOD

This will be James Cagney's
year, I predict. I caught the
invitation "sneak-peek" of
"Mister Roberts" in Los Angeles
and the veteran gives a portrayal
of the bitter, hard-boiled skipper
of a U.S. Navy cargo ship that
you'll long remember. In "Run
For Cover", an unusual western,
Cagney plays a six-shooting
hombre of the classic vintage
who tries to reform John Derek.

Lunch With Cagney

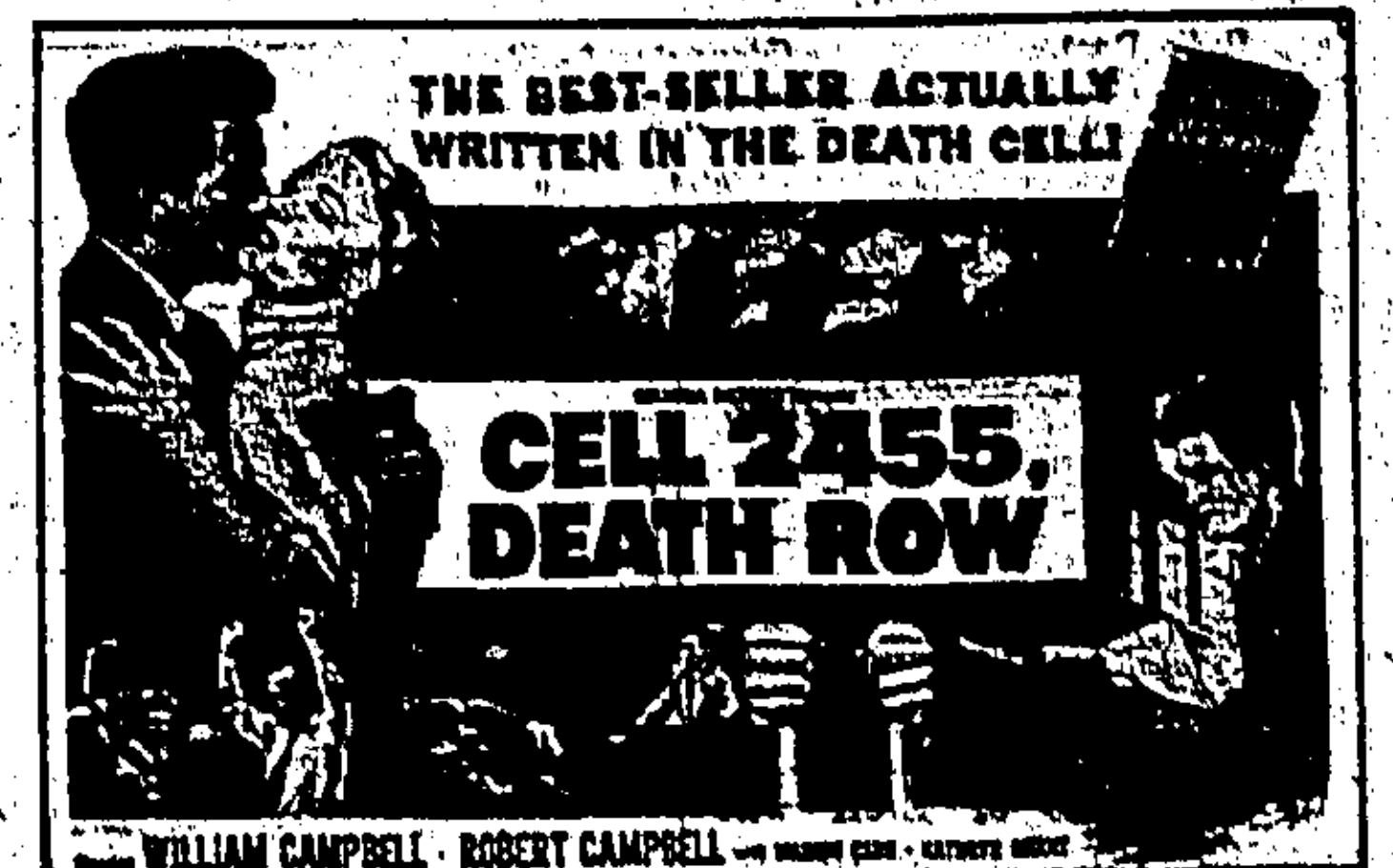
In "Love Me or Leave Me,"
with Doris Day as the fabulous
singer, Ruth Etting, Cagney
plays her husband, the "Gimp",
a combination roller-hothead of
the roaring '20s, which snacks
of the old tough, hard-hitting
characters he portrayed twenty
years ago. Then in a warm
contrast, he's George M. Cohan in
"The Seven Little Boys", one of the high points
of this delightful film is a soft
shoe number with Leslie Townes
Hoppe, Bob to you all.I lunched with the Cagneys,
Jimmy, his wife and theirby
Michael Ruddychildren at MGM Studios during
the last days of "Love Me or
Leave Me."How did he account for this
crop of films after a period of
unhappiness on his farms, in the
Valley and at Martha's Vine-
yard, New England. "The good
and his simple life, my boy,"
Cagney said softly, smiling.
His soft voice always surprises
me. "I made many movies when
I was with Warner Brothers.
Some good, some indifferent.
Then you wait for a good script
and you become interested in
important matters, like breeding
the Highland cattle and building
a new barn. And there's always
the family." He indicated his
children."My wife and I enjoy life in
the country, either in the Eastor here. And when a good
part, like the one in Mister
Roberts comes along, fine."
"Come out and ride. We've got
some good colts, Western saddle,
but they're lively."Odds in Hollywood are
against Edmund Purdom marry-
ing Linda Christian, when he's
divorced from Tita Phillips, his
wife, living alone at the seaside
with their two daughters. The
reason? Simple. Tyrone Power
has agreed to pay Linda about
\$15,000 yearly for 11 years in
alimony and support, provided
she doesn't re-marry.Travelling to Britain—Joan
Crawford. "But I'll be away
from home only about four
weeks as I can't bear to leave
the children for longer than
that." The woman who's been a
star for 28 years told me when
she finished her Columbia film,
"The Queen Bee" in which she
rises the gamut of movie
emotions.It's likely that during her
stay in London, she'll discuss
the possibility of filming "The
Story of Esther Costello". Re-
cently she said she had turned
down the screenplay. So had
Betty Davis and Barbara
Stanwyck.However Mr. Sammy Fuller,
who spent some months in
London recently re-writing the
scenario, said a few days ago at
The Fox Studios that Miss
Crawford now wanted to do
"Esther Costello". Mr. Fuller
emphasized this with his mis-
chiefy grin. ("Unobtainable in
London" just as well, it look-
ed like a lethal weapon.

A Comeback

Do you recall a song, "The
Object of my Affections"? The
man who made this dirty
pop song, Pinky Lee, has staged
a remarkable comeback from
obscurity. He has become a TV
star—and has a tremendous
following. The new
success in the middle of Pinky's
super-swimming pool is an
Edward with swaying palms a-
growing!

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

SHOWING TO-DAY



TO-MORROW MORNING SHOWS

QUEEN'S

5 SHOWS

"Cell 2455, Death Row"

AT 11.30 A.M.

ALHAMBRA

At 11.30 a.m. Only

"ALWAYS IN MY

HEART"

Greta Warren—Walter Huston
REDUCED PRICES:
\$1.50, \$1.00 & 70 Cts.

WATCH FOR IT ! !

1955 CANNES FILM FESTIVAL

AWARDED BEST DRAMATIC FILM



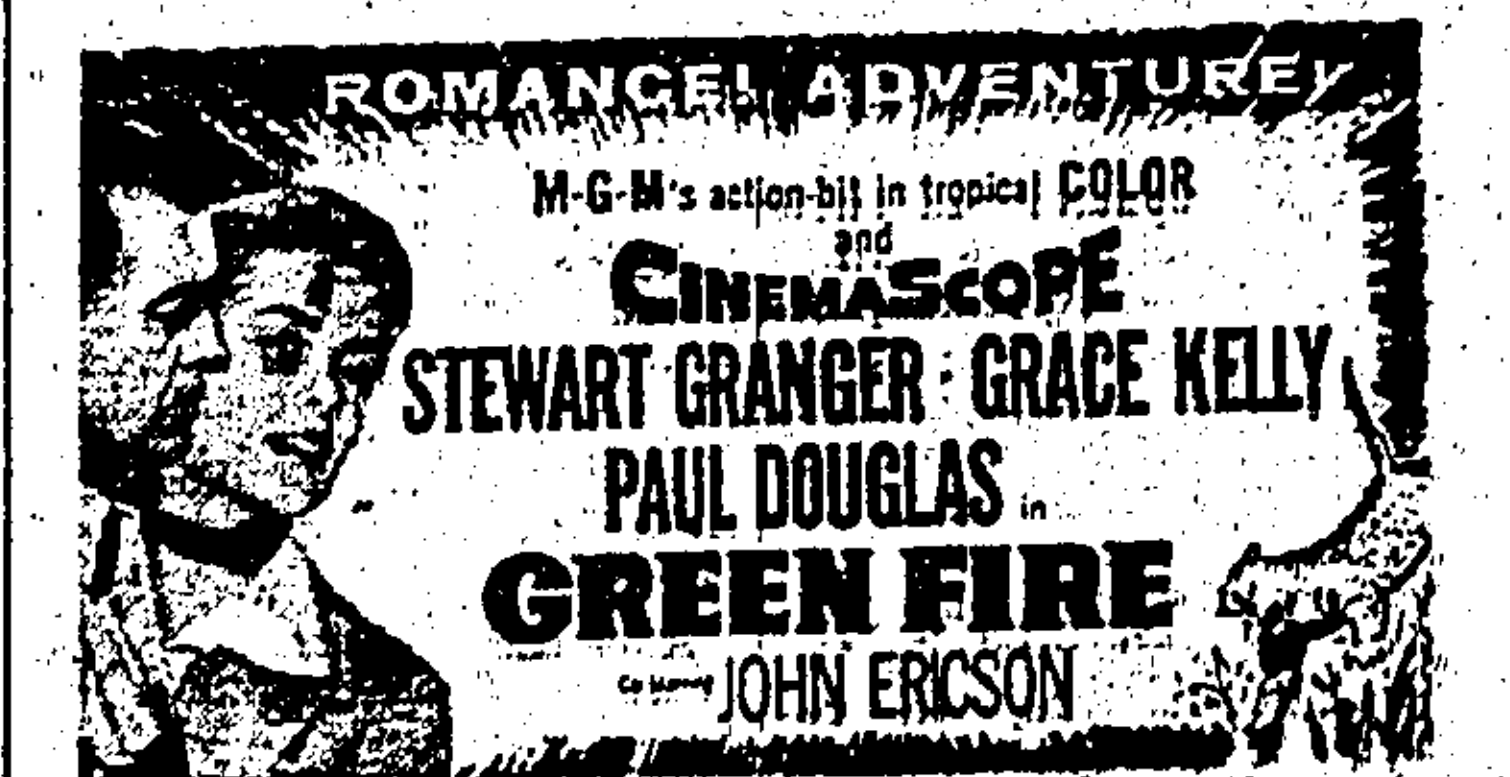
HOOVER : LIBERTY

CAUSEWAY BAY TEL 72371 KOWLOON TEL 60332

— NOW PLAYING —

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

GORGEOUS GRACE KELLY TOPS HER TRIUMPHS!



With Perspecta Stereophonic Sound!

SUNDAY MORNING MATINEE at Reduced Admission!

HOOVER at 12.00 noon

Louise Rainer in

"THE GREAT WALTZ"

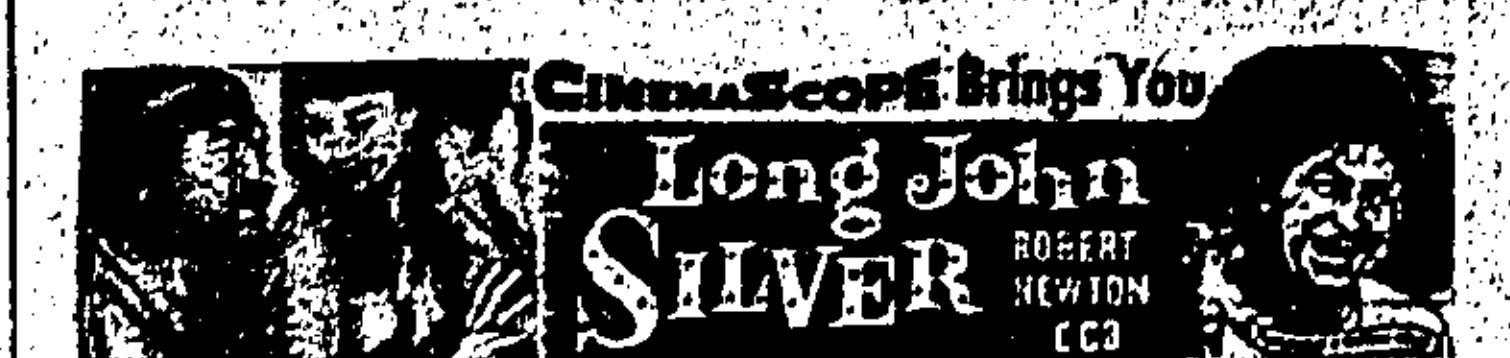
LIBERTY at 12.30 p.m.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's

COLOR CARTOONS



4-TRACK STEREOGRAPHIC SOUND — WIDE SCREEN!



SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW at 12.30 p.m.

Esther Williams in "FAGAN LOVE SONG" M-G-M Film

OPENS TO-DAY MAJESTIC AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



SUNDAY MORNING SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.

Rory Calhoun — Cary Tiernan in

"WAY OF A GAUCHO"

Fox Film — At Reduced Admission Prices

CAPITOL HITZ



Navy only because his
wouldn't allow him to be
posted.—United Press.

Flocked To

Turned Green

One man put away a one-pound steak followed by a breast of chicken, roasted awhile by

memory in his old age.
United Press.

This Ecst **House Smells Too**

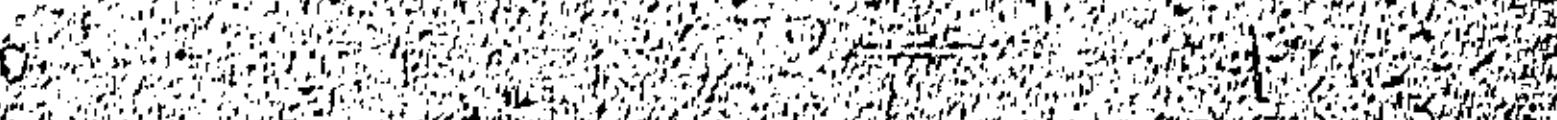
One man put away a one-pound steak followed by a breast of chicken, rested awhile over a glass of schnapps, then sy-

when there is too much humidity is just one of the things that air conditioning regulates." **Air-conditioning** Mr. Nessell

complained so much over the monotonous food in the official restaurant that the management has imported a Chinese cook.

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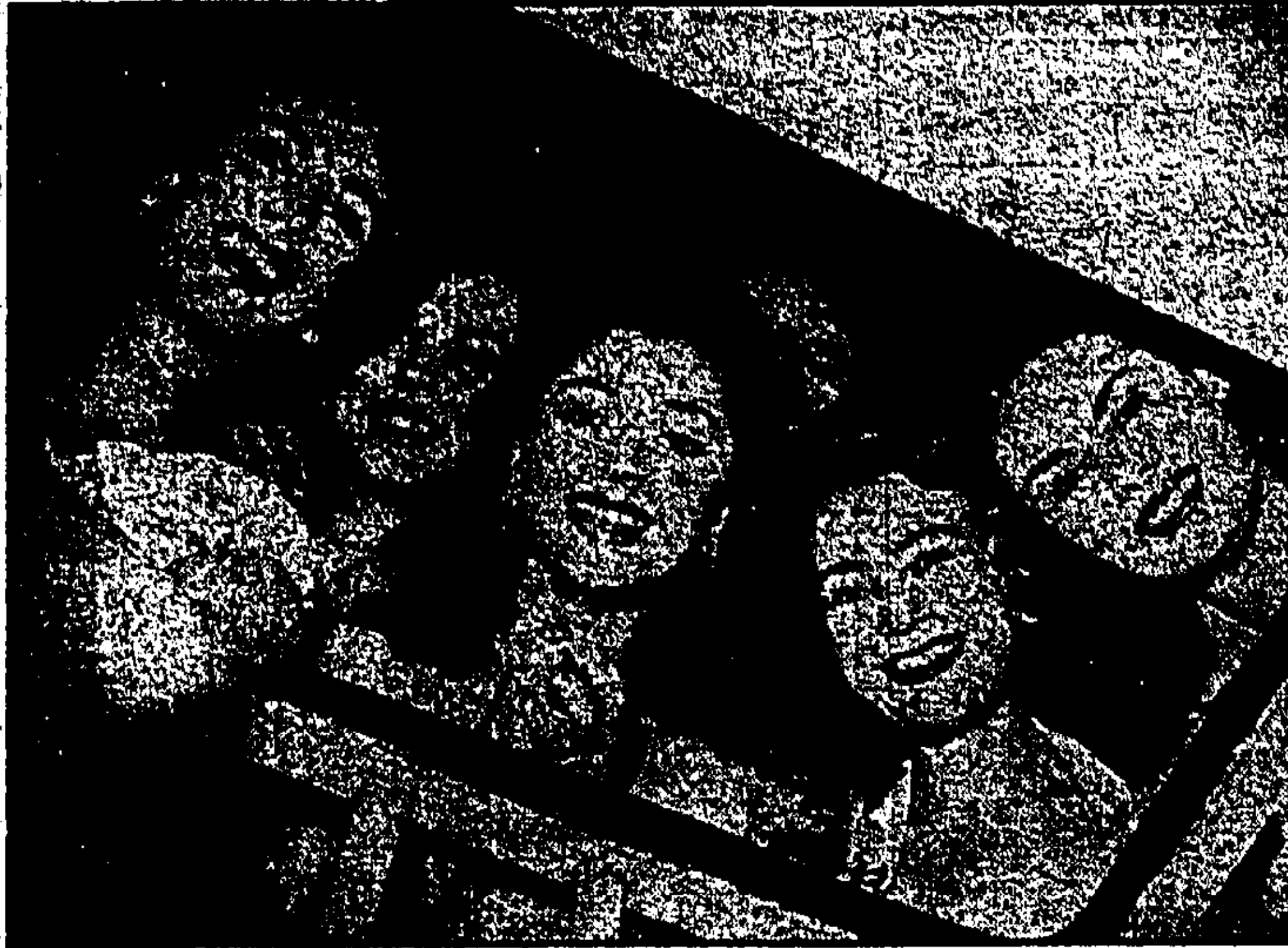
12. QUINN ST., C. HONG KONG



HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



ITALIAN-BORN Maria Scarafia, who has risen in two years to be one of London's top fashion models, has difficulty deciding what shoes to take on her holiday trip to New York. She has to choose from 40 pairs to make the limited air luggage weight. (Express)



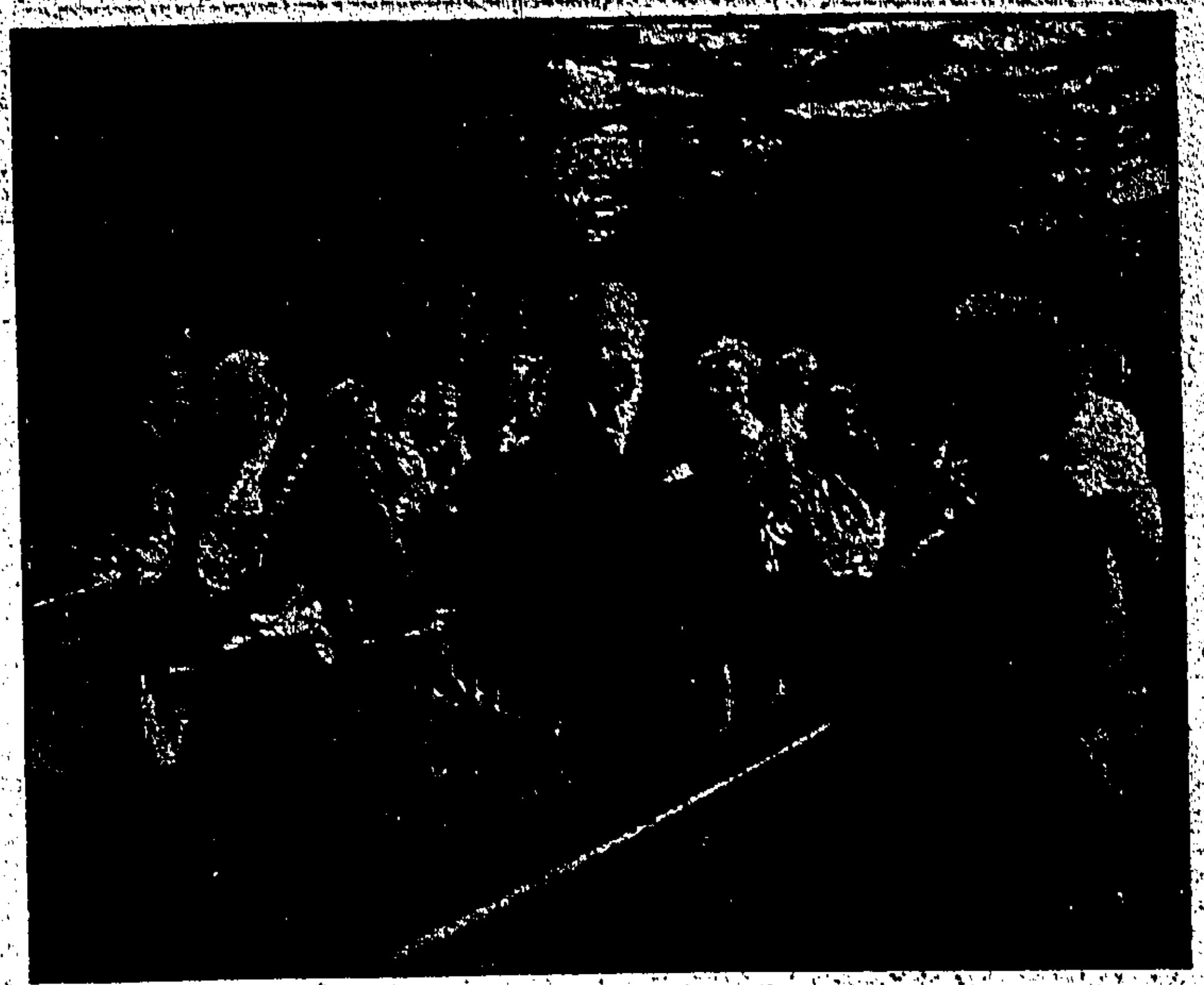
PICTURED here are six of London's loveliest girls who were invited by Mr William Rees-Davies, 38-year-old Conservative MP for Thanet, to a pre-election party. The six are, from left: Margaret Benn, model; Barbara Rolf, drama student; Maureen Swanson, actress; Fleur Kirwan, society girl; Pat Downey, model; Eunice Melville, dancer. (Express)



LEFT: Clinging precariously to nets 25 feet above the stage of London's Piccadilly Theatre, calypso dancers Roy Carr and Apsita demonstrate something new in the technique of kissing. This is a scene from the all-Negro musical, "The Jazz Train," which promises to have a long run. (Express)



DIANA CILENTO as Helen in Christopher Fry's version of the French play, "The Trojan War Will Not Take Place," presented at Manchester last week. Unknown two years ago, Diana is now making a big name for herself in British films. (Express)



A smile that is worth thousands of votes to the Conservative Party. Sir Anthony Eden greets loyal supporters at Leamington Spa, who first sent him to the House of Commons in 1923. (Express)



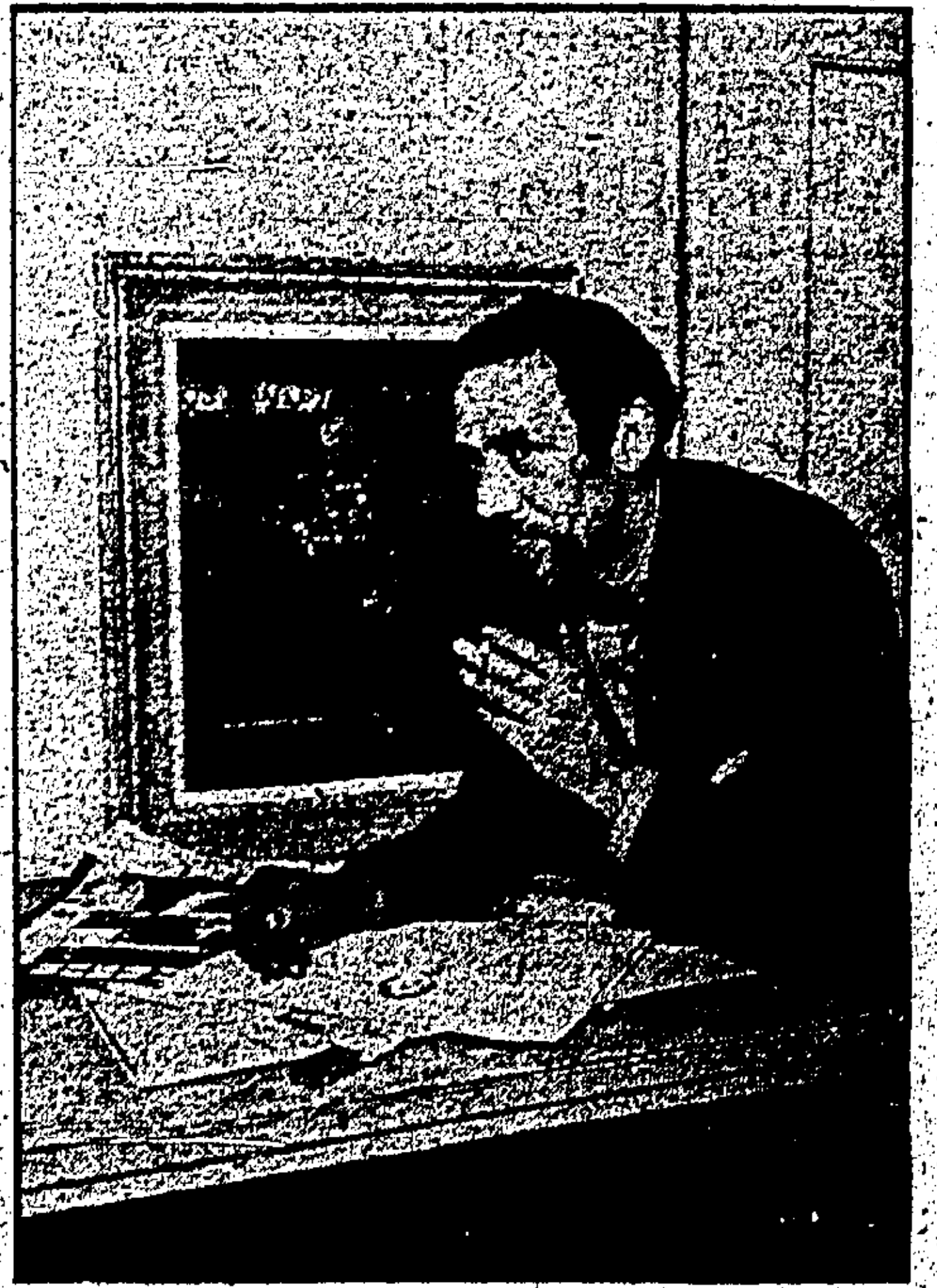
BELOW: The 1st Training Battalion, RASC, Aldershot team (Cpl B. Zegg, Pte B. Saunders, and Pte P. Smith) who won the Inter-Unit Team Championship of Southern Command for cookery. The winning team at work before the judging. (Army News)

HERE is a novel idea put into practice by Bradford cinema manager Eric Douglas. It is the "Cry Room," where mothers can take their restless and noisy children during a performance. There they can still watch the show while the youngsters cry without disturbing the rest of the audience. (Express)



FOUR of the crew of the 20-metre yacht, Active, which ran aground in thick fog near Calais a day out of England on the first leg of a round-world trip. From left: Dennis Chittenden, Robert Ains, John Pilgrim and Sheila Hildreth. (Express)

BELOW: House of Commons activities kept many male members away from the Primrose League dinner dance at the Savoy Hotel, London. Among those who attended without her husband was Lady Eden, seen here talking with Lord Fairfax. (Express)



BLACK-BEARDED, 44-year-old Bernard Hallstone, who has been chosen by Sir Winston Churchill to paint his portrait in the uniform of Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports. He is seen with the preliminary colour sketch. (Express)



NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller

BLACK MAGIC

ASSORTED CHOCOLATES

PERIL FOR THE FINNS

By Lewis Nelson

THERE is a deep furrow on President Juho Paasikivi's brow. Nobody is saying anything officially but the grand old man of Finnish politics—the man whose soft voice and hard bargaining have so far kept the Russians out of Finland—is worried.

Intelligence reports pouring into Finnish naval headquarters prove beyond a shadow of doubt that the Russians have quietly gained complete sea control of the Baltic.

There is furious building activity in the little strip of land a few miles outside Helsinki which the Russians acquired as a base under the terms of the World War II peace treaty.

And the Russians have put their submarines in the Baltic into battle order.

There are—according to the latest reports—270 of the submarines.

And the only hope of defending Finland if the Russians decide to get rough lies in the almost instant landing of a large body of Western troops.

For under the terms of the treaty the Finns are allowed to maintain no army of their own, except a force for "internal security".

NO ACCIDENT

And, technically, the Russians have a right to occupy the country in event of attack.

It is, however, no accident that most of the "internal security" force is devoted to watching the Russian border for any signs that the Russians are on the move.

Paasikivi has devoted most of his life to preventing a Russian take-over. His work up to now looks almost like a miracle. Finland is the only part of the old Russian Empire which is not under Russian domination.

Paasikivi first negotiated his country's freedom in 1920. Then he resigned as Prime Minister and stayed on as Ambassador to Moscow during the inter-war years—studying the Russians, keeping them cool, warning them.

In 1939, the Russians attacked. The Finns beat them off—and Paasikivi negotiated a peace while the going was good.

In 1944, there was another bout with the Russians, and in 1945 Paasikivi negotiated the current treaty.

It was the best he could do—and so far it has worked. But as NATO's strength builds up, the Russians grow restive; Finland, the gateway to Scandinavia, would be handy. The Finns could hardly put up a fight. They cannot be members of NATO.

PUBLICITY BET

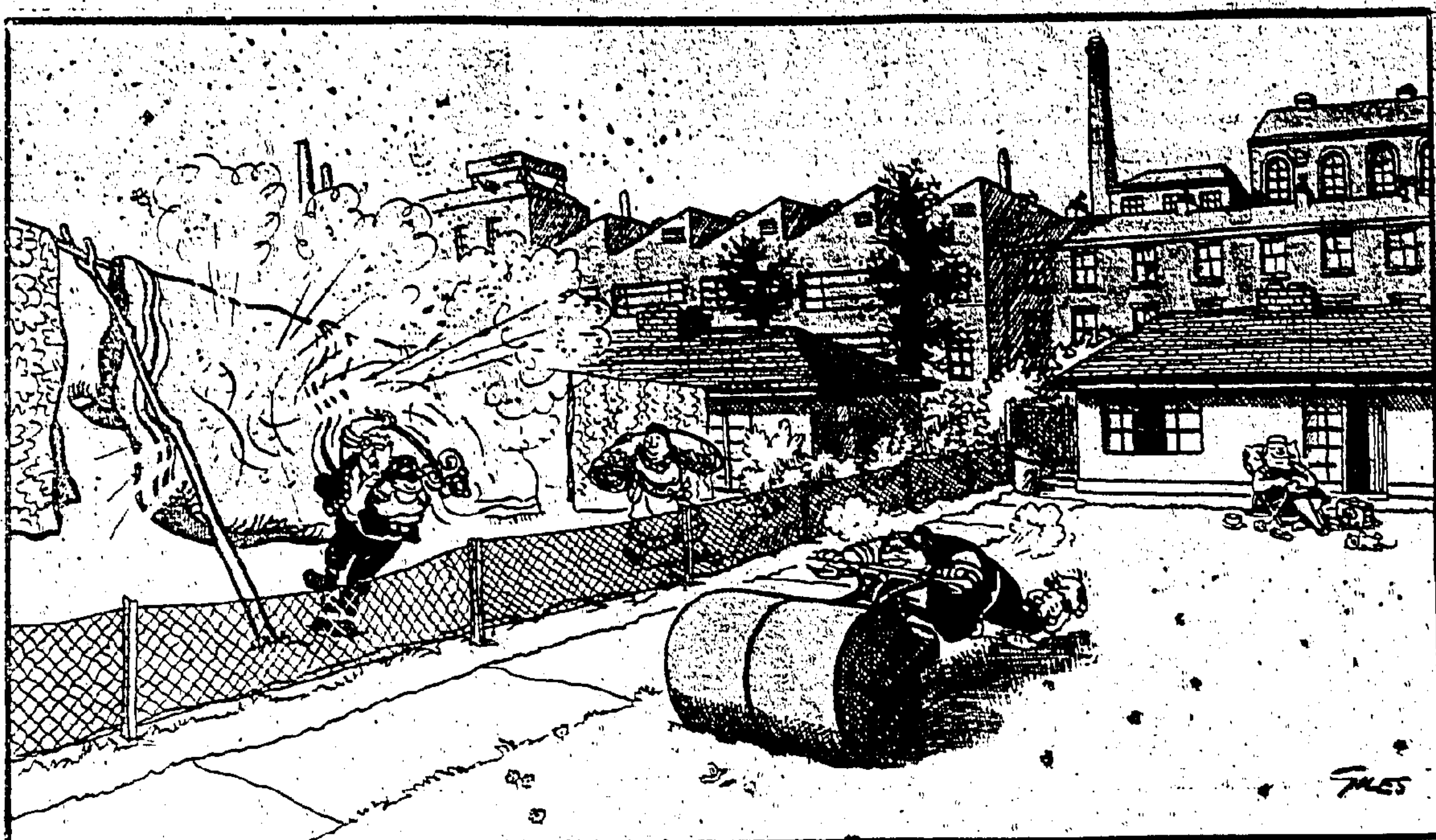
Quietly, Paasikivi has warned them that if they act, he will call help. He would almost certainly have received it, for everyone is aware of the strategic importance of Finland, with its face to the Baltic, its northern frontier a land short, its southern, and its back to the Russian border.

Now he could call for help until his lungs were out and no one could get it to him.

He will survive for just as long as the Russians decide that it's a good publicity bet to show the world how peaceful are its intentions, towards its neighbors.

And that is just as long as Juho Paasikivi can keep talking effectively.

But he is an old man. And no one else in Finland has ever had much luck with the Russians.



"This is one reason why I voted not to strike!"

London Express Service

He stole the Crown Jewels... But history does not tell us about that mysterious interview with Charles II...

WHY WAS COLONEL BLOOD FORGIVEN?

I WONDER just what was said that morning 283 years ago when King Charles II stood face to face with the man who had stolen the Crown Jewels—and almost got away with them?

In a private room in Whitehall Palace the King, more noted for his personal bravery, gave private audience to Colonel Thomas Blood, one of England's boldest adventurers.

Whatever passed between them it must have been worth listening to. For it saved Blood from the certainty of the gallows; it made him a member of the Court; and, even more remarkable, it resulted in Blood's land in Ireland (which he had gained through fighting for Oliver Cromwell and lost after the Restoration) being restored to him.

Probably no one will ever know what Blood said to the King in the privacy of that room. There have been many theories—some of them reasonable, some which fit snugly into the pattern of history, some of them pipe dreams.

It remains one of the world's mysteries.

Thomas Blood was born in Ireland, probably in Dublin somewhere round about the year 1620. His father had an iron works and was reasonably well-to-do.

Of Thomas Blood's education and early life we know nothing. He first came into the pages of history by siding with Oliver Cromwell and becoming eventually a

colonel in his army. When Cromwell became Protector of England Colonel Blood, like other leaders in Cromwell's forces, was given land in Ireland and might have been content to settle down and become one of the landed gentry.

But with the Restoration which put Charles II on the throne, Colonel Blood's lands were confiscated. They were given to the Duke of Ormonde, and from then on Colonel Blood pursued a ceaseless feud against the Duke, twice attempting to murder him.

The first of these plots was to seize Dublin Castle, the seat of the Duke, by tricking the guards into scrambling for pieces of white bread while Blood's men forced their way in. But the plot failed and Blood fled to Holland.

The next attempt came seven years later when, after a fugitive life in England, Ireland and on the Continent, often in disguise and with a price on his head, Blood attacked the Duke in St James's Street.

With five cut-throats he waylaid the Duke's coach and the Duke was overpowered. Blood's plan was to string his old enemy up on Tyburn gibbet, but the coachman raised the alarm and after a tremendous struggle the Duke escaped.

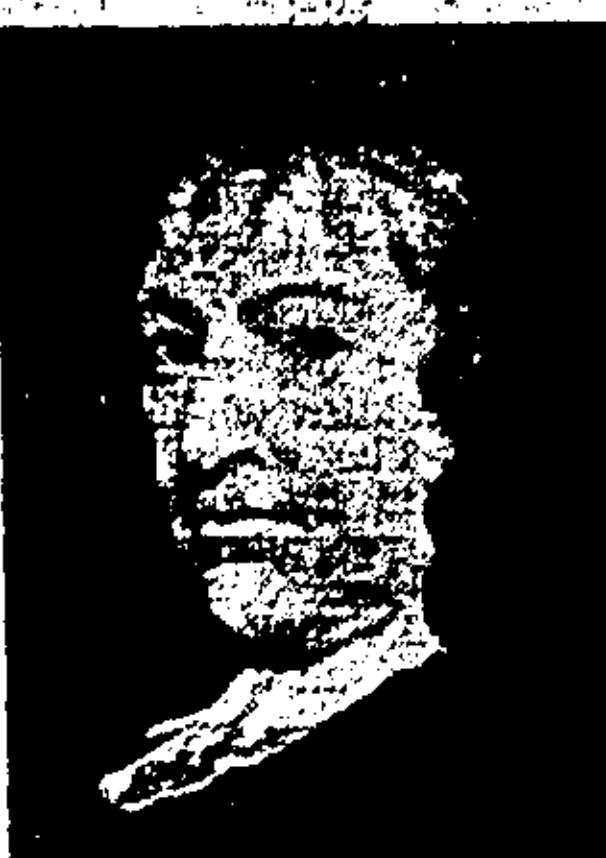
A Royal Proclamation went out offering a thousand pounds for his capture, but this, far from daunting Colonel Blood, seems only to have encouraged his next, and most daring, adventure.

It was within a few months—on May 9, 1671—that he made his attempt to steal the Crown Jewels from the Tower of London.

A day or so earlier Blood, dressed as a Doctor of Divinity, in a false beard and accompanied by a woman whom he pretended was his wife, visited the Tower to see the jewels. The woman feigned a faint and

Richard Herd

recalls one of the world's strangest stories



COLONEL BLOOD

the kindly old Keeper of the Jewels, Talbot Edwards, took her upstairs in his home, gave her a drink and allowed her to rest on a bed.

"Parson" Blood was overgrateful and three days later returned to the Tower with a present—four pairs of white gloves—for Mrs Edwards. The Keeper and he became quite friendly, and Blood let it be known that he had a handsome young nephew with a substantial income who would be a fitting match for Talbot Edwards's pretty daughter.

The details were arranged there and then and Blood agreed to bring the nephew early on the morning of May 9. Miss Edwards was peeping out of the window, hoping to catch a glimpse of her possible husband-to-be, when Blood, with three other men called at the Jewel House. Two of them went with Blood, and the third, whom Miss Edwards assumed was the shy lover, remained some distance away. In fact he, like the other two cut-throats, was one of Blood's confederates. All had rapiers in their walking sticks, daggers in their belts and pistols in their pockets.

Blood explained to Talbot Edwards that his wife had been slightly delayed and suggested that while waiting for her they should fill in the time by having a look-see at the Crown Jewels. Old Talbot, Edwards, took them upstairs, and as he led the way into the confidante and old man room where the jewels were kept they attacked him, struck wards given grants of two hundred pounds, threatened to kill him, and then began putting the Crown Jewels into their bags.

The "Crow" had to be bent almost flat to get it in, and nearly 81. It seems possible that the Black Prince's ruby that Charles II, Blood and the fell from its setting. The Beesbre Edwards were all in the plot was so King that they had to be seen in two.

reason and gave the alarm. His grant could have been in payment for his silence.

Whatever the reason for the King's strange clemency Blood became a very powerful member of the Court, and for a while seekers after favour made their applications through him. No one seems to have trusted him and even when he died rumour had it that he had staged a disappearance and that the corpse was not his. To prove it his body was dug up from its grave in Topham fields and then identified at an inquest before being finally returned.

It seemed certain that he would be executed, but Blood's behaviour was astonishing. He refused to say who was with him in the plot, and he presumptuously demanded a private audience with the King. Only to him, he said, would he tell all. And the King—most surprising feature of the whole affair—agreed to see him. Courtiers were amazed that Charles should consent to risk his life with the bold, bad Colonel Blood. But see him he did.

The door was shut behind them, the courtiers kept outside, and Blood and the King were left together. Shortly afterwards the King announced that he had pardoned Colonel Blood, had restored to him his lands and had invited him to attend the Court.

One explanation put forward for this volte face is that Blood threatened the King, saying that the rest of the gang would murder him if Blood were executed. It is a flimsy theory because, regardless of the outcome, King Charles must have had some special reason for agreeing to see him in the first place. Also the chances of the King being attacked were remote.

Another theory is that, hidden inside the Scroll of Treason which Charles had made with Louis XIV and that the King knew that Colonel Blood must have seen it when it was sewn in half and that he saved Blood's life in exchange for his silence.

But the most likely theory of all is that King Charles was so short of money that he was in



CHARLES II

the plot to steal the Crown Jewels—was in fact the instigator of it. The timely arrival of young Edwards seems too much of a and as he led the way into the confidante and old man room where the jewels were kept they attacked him, struck wards given grants of two hundred pounds, threatened to kill him, and then began putting the Crown Jewels into their bags.

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YANKS LIKE ENGLISH GIRLS

From Ralph Roland

UNITED STATES servicemen here marry about 300 English girls a month. And it's a safe bet that most of the girls they marry are "Munlins". They don't wear "pedal-pushers," and don't wear drain-pipe slacks. For it has been reckoned by an unofficial poll that several hundred American servicemen here say they prefer English girls because they are "Munlins". These big-name Americans in London added their names to the list of those who like their girls "Munlins" and added more reasons for the state of Anglo-American marriages.

Said "Cuddles" writer, Raymond Chandler, "She's a Halo".

And slacks? Well, only if a girl was pretty slim and had the right kind of legs—long and shapely. And, unfortunately, said Mr Chandler, there weren't very many of that kind around these days.

John Barrymore Jr., son of "The Great Profile," agreed that women were made for dresses, not trousers.

Maybe a skirt did attract a GI—but what attracted him just as much was the way English girls flattered him.

"They aren't so spoiled or demanding as American girls—and they pay more attention to their boy friends."

Harold Lloyd Jr., 24-year-old son of the old-time comic, who has just finished making a film, "A Yank in Ermine"—a story about a GI who inherits an estate—doesn't blame GIs for preferring skirts to slacks.

Said he: "So many of the wrong women wear slacks. Jeans with an unbuttoned-in shirt look horrible on men—but just indescribable on women."

"English girls have such pretty soft, complexioned skin that they should always wear feminine clothes."

But when it got down to details there really wasn't much between the US girl and the English girl. English girls treat their men just the same way said Lloyd—only the men didn't know it.

ADRIFT... ALONE... in a sinking plane

Concluding THE EXPLOITS
OF THE GOLDFISH CLUB

"BOMB doors open!" The air speed of the Mosquito shot above 800 as they screamed down over the sidings of Apalon railway station in Jap-held lower Burma.

Two hundred feet, one hundred and fifty feet, a hundred feet....

For a split second Charles Locke, the pilot, could make out every detail of the station—the camouflage paint on the sides of the trucks, a Jap soldier diving for cover.

Then he pressed the bomb-release button on the control column. In the same instant there was a terrific crack and a roar as the whole aircraft kicked like a viciously spurred horse. The cockpit was full of smoke and dust, and below the rudder pedals appeared a gaping hole in the floor. His feet were almost scraping the tree-tops.

Both engines were going broom-bang, broom-bang, broom-bang, rhythmically, like a mad orchestra. He pulled back the stick and held his breath until the aircraft answered, staggering over the trees like a pheasant into wind.

Three other Mosquitos had taken off with Locke's from an airfield near Mandalay that morning. Now a battle of wits from the other planes seemed to burst like shrapnel in his ears over the R/T.

Glowing red

"CHAS, you've been hit! Chas, you've been hit!" There were a dozen things to do, but first he reached down to his left and switched on his R/T, just to show them that he was still the same old Chas. "You're bloody telling me," he said.

The fuel-pressure warning lights were glowing red. He shouted at Nicolson, his navigator: "Change to outer wing-tanks!" He usually liked to keep a few gallons in the outer tanks for emergency, but today, of all days, he had run the outer tanks nearly dry.

Nicolson tried to close the bomb doors, but nothing happened. They were jammed. Jammed bomb doors for a crash-landing. That was just lovely. It meant the whole

HE FOUGHT FOR LIFE

FOR FIVE HOURS AS

THE WATER ROSE AND ROSE

AND THEN—WITH A MINUTE

TO SPARE—CAME HOPE...

By RALPH BARKER

hydraulics system—under-carriage, flaps, everything.

There was only one chance. Strike across the Gulf of Martaban for the coast off Ran-koon. It couldn't be more than 15 or 20 minutes' flying. They might just make it.

One thing he knew for certain—he wasn't coming down behind the Jap lines while the aircraft still flew. But there was Nicky to think of. He must give Nicky the chance to bail out. There wasn't much hope for them if they failed to reach the Rangoon coast.

"We've got about 1,000 feet, Nicky," he said. "That'll be enough height. You'd better bail out, old son."

"What makes you think you can get across the gulf without a navigator?" said Nicky. "Let's go."

Nicolson gave Locke a course to steer. It was almost exactly 100 miles across the gulf at this point. Locke reckoned they had petrol for perhaps 80 or 70 miles. Perhaps 80. Perhaps 90. Perhaps even 100. But if they could only get in sight of land that might be enough.

He watched the other aircraft forming on him. It was good to have company at a time like this. Joel, the leader, called him on the R/T.

"Hello, Chas. I'm going to gain height so that I can get in radio touch with base. I'll give them your course and position and so on. I'll climb to about 6,000 and keep a watch on you from there."

"Good show, sir." Even if they came down in the sea there would still be a chance.

"Half-way across," said Nicolson presently.

Showed empty

If only the old tub would keep going for ten more minutes. He looked again at the needles on the petrol gauges. They still showed empty. They must be running on air.

"Any second now the engines might cut," shouted Nicolson suddenly. "Land dead ahead!"

Locke could already make out the details of the coastline some ten miles distant. In the same moment the engines coughed and spluttered their derision and finally cut.

"Turn on to main tanks, Nicky! Jetison escape hatch!" Nicolson already had his hand on the petrol cocks, and the engines cut dead. The main tanks were bone dry. He jetisoned the hatch.

Locke called the formation.

"That's the lot," he said. "The tanks are bone dry. I'm ditching."

"Good luck, Chas."

The sea was calm and they rushed down towards it at a hundred and eighty miles an hour.

The tail streaked prettily along the surface of the sea, breaking the aircraft gently. It was the perfect tail-down ditching.

Men in the three aircraft circling overhead saw the water pluming out behind the ditching aircraft like the wake of a yacht. But when the nose dipped to make impact with the water, the open bomb-doors churned into the sea and a wall of water struck the rear bulkhead and snapped and splintered the wooden fuselage like a rotten tea-chest.

The nose of the aircraft was gutted, its tail severed, its back broken. Volumes of water cascaded skywards like waves beating on a mole.

As the aircraft broke up Locke was conscious of the scream of rending metal and wood, and of a huge wall of water smashing over the front of the cockpit. He was vaguely conscious too of Nicky being thrown forward beside him, and simultaneously he was flung out into a strange darkness.

Locke felt himself going down, down to unknown depths, his consciousness dwindling and evaporating until his whole being was concentrated in a pinpoint of light between his eyes. As he went he felt his body being struck all over by bits of wreckage.

Everything was eerie and silent, like a dream. It was not until he began to feel the need for air that he realised he was still alive.

Hopeless

He felt his movements strangely constricted, and then he realised that his parachute and harness were jampering him. He snapped the quick-release box and struggled free. He had no idea what depth he had reached, but it seemed to him that he was at the bottom of the sea.

The pinpoint of light seemed to be receding into the distance, and yet he had a sensation that he was becoming a whole person again. He saw that the water around him was changing to a paler green. The pressure on his lungs seemed lighter, and yet he could hold his breath no longer. Almost at the same moment as he began to gasp and so let water into his lungs he broke the surface.

Somehow he was alive. Dazed with concussion and shock, he felt no elation, only surprise.

He looked quickly round and saw in the same moment the wreck of the Mosquito, the fuselage and the tail unit some distance apart, and drifting slowly away to the south, the dinghy. He was suddenly aware that every bone in his body ached as though it had been

Locke felt himself going down to unknown depths

twisted and tortured and hammered. His head was numb and he put his hand up to his forehead. When he withdrew his hand it was covered in blood.

He looked up and saw the three Mosquitos wheeling round overhead, like angry birds. He saw land in the distance, unattainable yet unbearably near. When he looked back at the wreckage he saw the tail unit founder and sink.

He had no hope of reaching the dinghy. He tried to strike out towards the remains of the wreck and presently he looked straight up into the jaws of the smashed fuselage.

He floundered and flopped his way to the rear of the broken centre strip, his clothes like lead weights and his head nearly awash. Then he grabbed hold of the wreckage and supported himself, thankfully, all but exhausted.

He looked desperately around for Nicky, but knew as he did so that it was hopeless.

Nicky must have died when they ditched.

He began to pull himself up into the shelter of the broken fuselage.

At once the pain was so excruciating that he felt himself about to faint. If he fell back into the sea unconscious he would drown. He remembered the whisky flask in his flying suit.

Still circling

He had saved some of his spirit ration month by month, to fill that flask. Many a night in the mess tent when the party spirit was at his height and the whisky was running low he had been tempted to have a swig or two from his flask. But he had never done so. Now he found the flask and drank. Warmth and strength coursed through him and he felt ridiculously elated.

Drawn by ROBB

He looked back towards the coastline, but the land was gone. He must have drifted a long way south, far out to sea. Even if anyone was looking for him they would never find him now.

The water was up to his armpits now. The sea was rougher and sometimes water splashed into his face.

Then suddenly he had a queer vibratory sensation in his ears, and he saw two aircraft fly directly overhead. The Spitfires were back.

This time they came right down low and dived straight at him wagging their wings. They must have seen him this time.

His ears detected a different engine noise, and looking up he saw a Lysander struggling across the sky. He saw the rear gunner hanging something over the side of his cockpit and seconds later there was a great spouting cascade of water 30 to 40 yards away. When the water subsided he saw a large yellow canopy floating away downwind on the troubled sea. Didn't they know that he suffered the most appalling pain even when he tried to lift himself higher in the water?

Paralysed

WATER was nearly up to his neck now. Shots of intolerable pain paralysed his every movement, but somehow he raised himself a few inches.

The chug-chug note of an unfamiliar engine suddenly reverberated in his ears. The coast came closer, and his heart gave a wild leap as he recognised an air/sea rescue aircraft almost hovering beside him. A Sea Otter! A plane that could land on the sea!

Locke watched the amphibian fly off purposefully downwind and then turn up into wind for an approach. Line pulleys tumbled down about a hundred yards away. Then it began to taxi towards the wreckage. The sea was still rough and the Sea Otter stopped some 30 yards distant, evidently afraid of ramming the wreck. A figure appeared in the nose of the plane, standing up in the open-air front fuselage in a Mac West, holding a rope.

Flung rope

NOW the amphibian began to describe a circle of a radius of about 20 yards around the wreckage. The figure in the front cockpit flung the rope and it fell yards short. Bound came the Sea Otter again, taxiing downwind, and a second time the rope fell short. The third time the rope struck the wreckage somewhere behind him and he claved at it ineffectually. Then it was thrown too late, and then too soon.

The Sea Otter went on circling, five or six times, seven times, the plunging rope lashing

It puffs and it puffs and— IT EASES THE JET DOWN

By W. A. WATERTON

GREATER loads, smaller airfields. That is the object of techniques now being studied for future versions of the Bristol Britannia turbo-prop air-liner.

When Britain's newest commercial plane is given lower take-off and landing speeds both these are possible. They would give the Britannia an immense advantage over any transport plane in the air today.

Experiments concern the flow of air over the aircraft's wings. This is what gives a plane its "lift."

For two years American Navy fighters have been using a simple system of keeping air flowing smoothly when landing flaps are lowered. Edges are

eliminated, and slower speeds are possible, and a ton more load can be carried.

This plan may now be applied to the Britannia. Engineers say the new B.E. 25 "supercharged" turbo-prop engine is ideal for the purpose. Its compressors produce such a surplus of air that some of it would be blown over the trailing edge of the Britannia's wings to give the smoothing effect.

Experts say the landing speed of a Britannia could be reduced by a fifth. The plane would be able to use small airfields barred on present routes. Operating costs would be reduced.

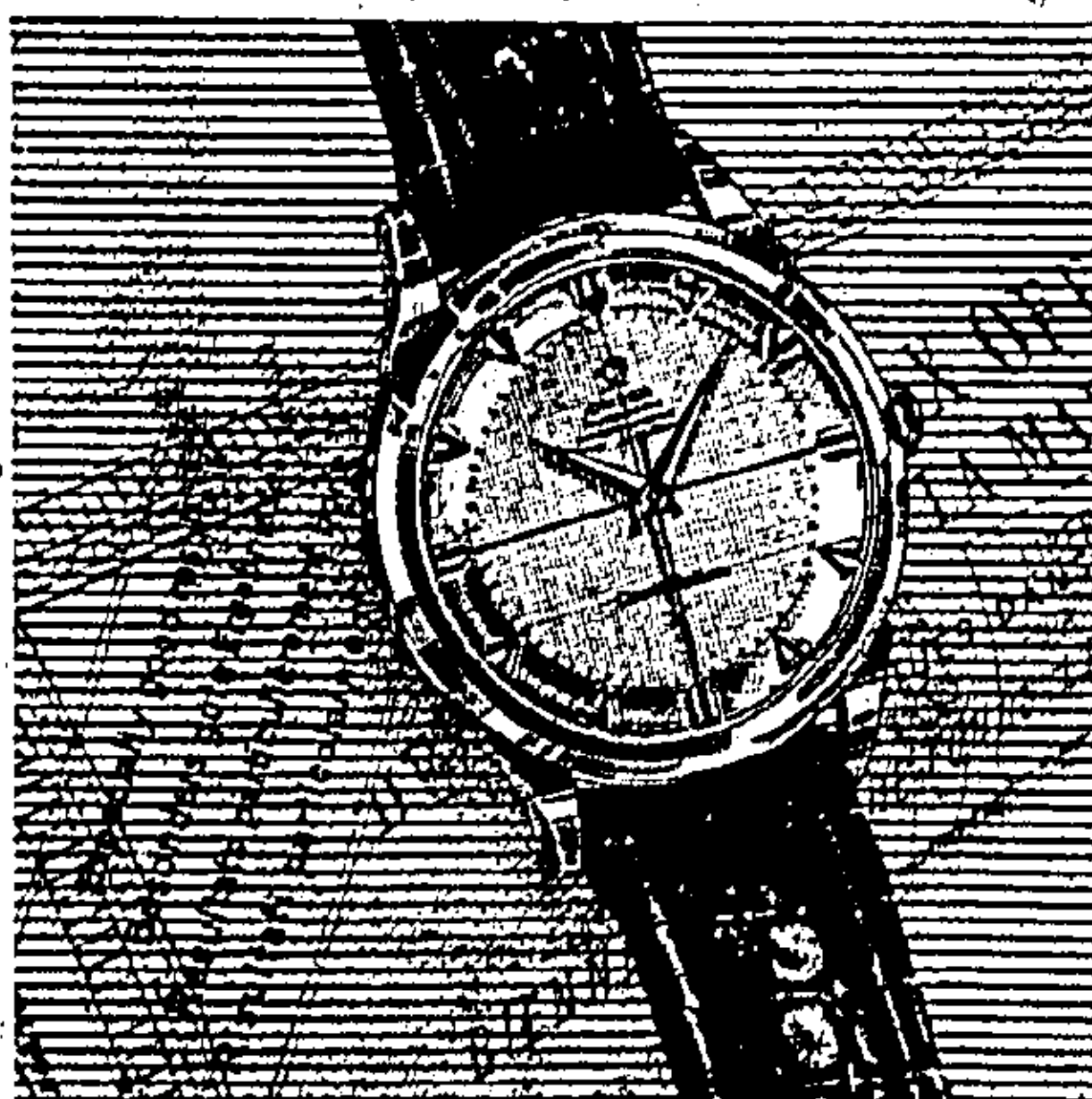
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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



Sir BEVERLEY BAXTER, M.P. asks:

Can The Russian Be My Brother?

I was in the early Autumn of 1946 that our convoy of three army motor cars with motor cycle escorts stopped on the autobahn at what looked like a frontier scene in a Western movie.

We had travelled from the Rhine to the Berlin outskirts on the vast sweeping roads which Hitler had built ostensibly for "the people and the people's car" but which were primarily for rushing motorised units from one front to the other in war. We were en route to Berlin and, as today, we had to pass through the zone occupied by the Russians.

A Russian sentry, supported by two others who were armed to the teeth, ordered us to advance and show our passports and military visas. As "passports" and "military visas" were the only English they knew, and as we spoke no Russian, the frontier nature of the occasion was somewhat circumscribed.

Upside Down

The sentry solemnly read my passport upside down as if he suspected the worst. Lorries full of armed round-headed Russians paused to have a look at us, but there was no sign of friendliness. Even when we reached the hideous wreckage that had once been Berlin, the Russian sentry outside the bunker where Hitler died confiscated the attache case of one of my colleagues. "Goodness

knows what was in his mind. Perhaps he just wanted an attache case.

Two more vignettes—and we shall change to a broader canvas. Somewhere in Berlin there was a building sufficiently unharmed to hold a conference of the four occupying Powers—Britain, France, America and Russia.

Four sentries, representing the Powers, were standing on duty in the entrance. Suddenly the Russian, throw down his rifle and, seizing the American round the waist, whirled him about in a wild-waltz. Then smiling broadly he sat down and allowed the GI to recover his composure.

Waved Back

Finally... at the Russian War Memorial in Unter Den Linden, a handsome blond Soviet soldier was on guard. We waved to him and with a shy, attractive smile, he waved back.

At that time the Russians were our allies. Suffering terrible casualties, they had fought their way through the defences of Berlin and established their right, along with us, of conquest and tenure. The final decision was to partition the German capital, with all the grim consequences that have stemmed from that unnatural operation.

I have deep sympathy for the countless Russian homes that were bereaved in the war, but I have nothing but contempt for the pre-war and early-war policy of Russia. It was Stalin's pact with Hitler in 1939 that gave them "all clear" for the

Nazi attack against the West. It was Stalin's blind belief in his own astuteness, and in Hitler's promises, that caused Russia to be so poorly prepared for the eventual Nazi onslaught upon her.

And so deep was Stalin's distrust of Great Britain (even when we were allies) that when our convoys, running the cruel gauntlet of icy storms and submarine attacks, reached Archangel, Stalin would not allow our crews to go ashore for recreation.

Thus we stand in grateful tribute to the heroic dead of Stalingrad, yet gaze at the same time upon a regime that trusted no one, not even in the brotherhood of death.

Ten years have passed since then. Ten years without war on a vast scale. Ten years of troubled, blood-spotted peace.

At the United Nations Organisation, in its antiseptic, glassy, modern factory building in New York, Russia has sat at the council table as a full participant in the preservation and enforcement of peace. It is true that by a persistent use of the veto she has reduced UNO to a mere talking shop, but that is better than to have the Soviet suikling like a bear with a sore head on the banks of the Volga.

Way Of Life

Has it been worth while? Would it not have been more honest if, at the end of the Hitler war, the Western Allies had said to Russia: "You go your way and we shall go ours. We need not be enemies but, also, we need not pretend to friendship when our way of life is as concrete to yours as day to night."

Before we answer that question, we must deal with the political, or, if you like, the evangelical character of Russia's development since the November Revolution in 1917. Is Communism an economic policy or is it a religion? Is Communism, by its nature, a call to revolution, or is it an economic creed based upon the confiscation and the re-distribution of wealth?

A Tyranny

Surely the answer is that Communism is, like the rule of the Tsars, a tyranny based upon the blind acceptance of the people. Almost the only difference is that Communist tyranny is more cruel and more efficient than that of the Tsars. The secret police, bad enough under the Romanoffs, were amateurs of cruelty compared with the secret police of Communism.

Then, as Russia is a police state whose people are allowed to vote for only one party and whose creed calls for world revolution, can I, as a citizen of the British Empire and Commonwealth, regard the Russian as my brother? As a Christian, am I to open my heart and arms and cry: "Dovanchi! Let me embrace you!"

Now comes the point where you, the reader, and I, the writer, may draw apart. I do not believe a man should not be a Communist if he is such a fool or an opportunist as to want to be one. Nor would I deny to Communism the right to preach its doctrine any more than I would deny the same right to Conservatives, Socialists, Seventh Day Adventists, Douglas Cretlows, or even the "Save the Gallows" brigade.

Communism is not so much a creed as it is an effective system

of robbing the individual of his freedom and harnessing him to the needs of the state and the Communist Party.

Here is the lesson yet to be learned. Neither Communism, nor Socialism, nor Nazism, nor Capitalism, can destroy the basic character of a people. We British are a product of the centuries. We are the offspring of heredity; we are the willing slaves of tradition.

It has been said that it was the grey skies of England that created the British character. Certainly it is the lone mists of the Highlands that gave birth to the romantic realism of the Scot. And so it was the vast lonely steppes that made Russia such fruitful soil for revolution.

Why should Russia and Great Britain fear each other? Why should we envy Russia or Russia envy us? Neither country is land hungry. Neither lacks quality or opportunity. Neither is without allies. And if we need to establish any further ties of similarity, let us remind the Russians that it was London which gave sanctuary to the ineffable bore—Karl Marx. In fact, it was in the British Museum that he wrote the dreary but effective pages of "Das Kapital."

Driven Back

So we come to the question of today. Can the Russian be my brother?

To answer "No" would be offensive. To answer "Yes" would look like sentimentalism, quality or opportunism. Certainly I want to visit Russia, but I do not wish to pretend that it is for the sole reason of seeing my blood brother on the Siberian Plains or in the underground railway of Moscow.

But this much I am prepared to remember and to acclaim. It was the Russians who set fire to holy Moscow so that Napoleon and his Grand Army should be driven back to disaster, and Europe made free once more. It was Russia, though corrupt and badly organised, that in 1914 honoured her bond and declared war against the Kaiser's Germany. It was Russia that broke the power of Hitler's legions at the gates of Stalingrad and Moscow, although it is also true that Stalin was the tragic dupe of Hitler who vowed eternal friendship to the Russian leader while we were telling Stalin that the German attack on Russia was only a matter of days.

Most Powerful

What a chance Marshal Bulganin has at this hour! Stalin is dead, and few people believe that he died of a cold in his head. Beria is dead, on the established ground that he who lives by the axe shall die by the axe. Malenkov has sought retirement through resignation—and I hope that he will die of old age.

Here, then, is Marshal Bulganin, one of the three most powerful statesmen in the world. Supposing he said he was willing to place nuclear weapons under international control with complete powers of mutual inspection. Supposing he said that he would join the Great Powers in finding a peaceful settlement of the Formosa problem. Supposing he said that independence should be restored to Austria and that East Germany should be allowed a free election to determine her future.

In other words, supposing he extended the hand of friendship towards the West and said: "Brother!"

Second Toast

Therefore, in the established fashion, I would propose a second toast: "To the greatness of Russia and the early collapse of Communism!" Nor could we object if Marshal Bulganin replied with a toast: "To Britain and the complete collapse of Capitalism!"

What then is my answer to the heading of this article: "Can the Russian be my brother?" The answer is: "Under certain well defined conditions—practically yes. If you know what I mean."

THE GYPSY WIFE

By Donald Stonard

THE piping had gone on all day, and all day she had sat under a blazing sky indifferently watching her husband and son catch snakes for the planter. She was proud of her boy; already at seven, he had learnt to play the six tunes of the snake-charmer's craft with professional skill, and knew no fear of any snake.

See him, how boldly he walks into that treacherous tangle of undergrowth, his small fingers dancing on his pipe-stem. See how his bright eyes watch for the snake to come to his piping and how, when it appears, he seizes its tail himself before calling for his father to pin down the head with a stick and grab it by the "throat." Yes, he was a son to be proud of! Never had the clan known one so young, so clever at the trade.

And she—she was young herself to be the mother of a child of seven. Youth and very comely, yet she had been given in marriage at nine. All these years of married life had not spoiled her looks, for Ramaswamy, her husband, had treated her well. Now, at eighteen, she was in the prime of her beauty and, in her wild way, was aware of it and knew that men cast desiring eyes at her.

Being something of a coquette, she took trouble with her long black hair; oiled it and smoothed it well so that it did not hang matted like that of other gypsy women; and she had a way of gathering her bright scarlet and blue emerald clothes into many, many folds, so that they foamed around her silver-ankleted feet and dipped and swayed with every movement of her lissom hips.

And her voluptuous mouth, not yet spoiled by betel-chewing, as it would be in time, was only the more attractive for the crimson stain of the betel-juice. Very red it seemed, set in the face of her own way she was undoubtedly beautiful, and the old hags in the clan said Ramaswamy would do well to keep a watch on her. Yet she had always been faithful to him.

Her jaws worked as she thoughtfully chewed her betel. The dark round snake-basket at

her side was getting full. Five snakes they had caught, and now they were after another. The planter and his wife were very excited. They followed every movement of her husband and son as if they suspected a trick. Did they think that half-a-dozen snakes could be hidden about the person and miraculously produced after a little piping without anyone noticing? Did they not know that no poisonous snake could resist the call of the pipes, with its promise of tender mice and frogs? How well old Rama played!

Often as she had heard him, she was not unmoved by the throbbing dominance of the high wailing tune, but he was becoming tiring as the time went by. She, who had watched him at work for years, sensed his growing diffidence and covertly noticed the diminishing assurance of his touch in handling the more dangerous snakes. One day, his hand would falter, and then, she knew in her heart of hearts, in spite of all his wonderful charms and endowments, he would be fatally bitten.

Had she not read it in his palm, though, she had never dared to tell him in case he should beat her? And her own fortunes? She glanced at her upturned hand, but it could tell her nothing, and she had never had it read by the other women. After all, what did they know that she herself did not? Idly, she traced a line. That meant romance, but when? And with whom? The answer to that, at least, she knew.

Her thoughts stole back to a recent incident in camp: of herself, and of another, whose good looks matched her own, meeting face to face in the jungle by which the tribe had pitched their tall-pot-leaf huts. Anagi had stared at her as if she were an apparition, his bold, dark eyes appraising her loveliness with the sureness of much practice.

"Whither away so fast, lovely one," he had asked her boldly. "Let me pass!" she had cried, fiercely. She knew this Anagi, who had newly joined, her comrades and made free of the maidens in every village and hamlet through which they wandered. He had picked her, intrigued her, but their paths had never crossed before. "Not so fast, why have I not seen the prettiest woman in the clan before?"

"Because you have eyes for so many, you miss the jewel for the dross," she had replied audaciously, and with a parting wink of her dark eyes, passed on, splashing him with the water from her chatty. That had been the beginning of it, his excited passion had de-

veloped quickly, as hers had, into a love that neither had dreamt of. And now she knew that, for Anagi, she would gladly die. If not for stupid old Rama, a poor happy they could be together! Yet Rama had been kind to her, ever since the time when her parents had sold her as a little girl to him, the middle-aged chief of the clan.

She sighed and dug her heel vindictively into the soft sand. They were all coming towards her now, the planter, and his wife and a dozen estate coolies, jabbering like monkeys, following in the wake of her husband and son. What was that Anagi held in his hand? A cobra? That snake! But what a large one! And what was all the chattering about? Apparently the planter wanted to see this snake defanged, too, and Rama was refusing.

"No, sahib, we have removed the teeth of the other five for you, but this one is different. See how large it is, how fierce. Of the seven kinds of cobra, this is the most savage. When we get home, not now, I must remove the fangs and collect the poison for medicine. See this black stone, it is made of the crushed teeth and the venom which we squeeze out of the sockets. When this is placed on a snake bite, it sucks up all the poison."

Idly, she watched them arguing and talking, conscious only that she was hungry, and that she would like to be back in camp where Anagi was. She wondered jealously what he was doing. At last, the palaver ended. Seven rupees for each snake and one for a snake stone. Good, they would be well off for many days to come. She struggled to her feet, stiff after her long wait and beckoned to the boy.

"Son, you carry the python sack. I'll take the snake basket, it is heavy now with its burden of extra snakes. Your father will relieve you of the sack when we get to the bottom of the road."

It was evening, and they had many miles to go. By the time they reached their encampment, the moon was shining brightly, wearily, they trudged their way between the tall-pot-leaf huts and the donkeys, carrying their possessions on their own huts, rather longer than the rest. The smouldering embers of the camp fire glowed dimly in the chilly twilight, for the gypsies liked their meals early and plenty of sleep. Away in a hazy moonlight, that bird of ill-lumen, moaned, and the trees took up its sadness in the sighing and creaking of their

branches. The woman shivered suddenly. "The night is full of trouble," she murmured. Rama was tired and turned on her roughly. "Woman, cease thy wailing." She kept silent, for there was something in the air that stilled the quick retort on her lips—a strange urgency fostered by the pulsing moonlight.

Quietly, she cooked for the man and her son. She could eat little herself, and when, having finished, they lay down to sleep, she, driven by her longing, went out into the night and leant against a tree, alone, to dream awhile. Then, when she had been standing there some time, though she heard nothing, she knew that she was not alone and that Anagi was beside her. Neither of them smiled, or greeted the other, but her breathing quickened perceptibly.

"Come with me and we will find another tribe where we will not be known and where we can be happy together." He whispered urgently. She did not turn. "The boy will not leave his father. How can I come without my son?"

"There will be others, finer, fairer, in the years ahead. Come with me quickly. Now!" Her hands gripped her shoulders and brushed her flesh. She felt her whole soul go out to him and yet she held back, the love of her son fighting against the love for her sweetheart.

"No, no, I cannot, I am afraid." He laughed at that, mockingly. "A fine gypsy, you, to be scared so easily. Perhaps it is better I should find a woman of greater courage."

She turned anguished eyes on him. "Don't speak like that. I will come, only give me time. Not tonight, there is evil in the air tonight, but soon—tomorrow perhaps."

His arms went around her. "Tomorrow, love. As last he left her, and wistfully she watched his lithe figure melt among the shadows, then slowly she went back to her hut. Rama and the boy were asleep. The moonlight fell on their relaxed figures, and on the bulging snake basket at Rama's side. She sat down silently, her chin on her hands, thinking, watching them.

As she watched, she heard, in the utter stillness, an ominous creak of wicker and felt the string slip, gently asunder. Instinctively her hand reached out to restrain the lid. Rama should have put the great cobra by itself into another basket. Suppose it escaped and bit someone. Why, then, she thought, the cobra makes harmless reference to its own strength, but this one

Then the thought flashed upon her: had she not seen that Rama would die of cobra bite? That was strange, for here was she about to prevent that occurrence. His death would give her freedom and happiness with the man she loved. Fool, to defy Fate! Why not let it happen? She had only to sit there, motionless, and let things take their course. The big cobra would slither out first, and then, directly in its path, by the doorway, would awake as it crawled over him and hit out—and then...

Slowly she withdrew the hand she had instinctively stretched towards the quivering basket. Who was she to defy Fate? The lid creaked and shifted, fraction by fraction. Fascinated, she watched it heave, almost imperceptibly, and subside. How her eyes ached, then very slowly it rose again, higher and higher, until at last it fell softly on to the python sack beside it. The moonlight glinted on the shining coils of the snakes so closely packed in the basket. She saw the cobra lift his long neck suspiciously forward, and its head swelled like a balloon on either side of the narrow eager head.

In his sleep, Ramaswamy stirred, as if conscious of the menace threatening him. He awoke in the twinkling of an eye, his eyes wide open, his body rigid, his hands clutching the snake basket. He looked at the cobra, which was now coiled round his head, and he saw that it was the cobra he had seen in the basket. He felt a cold shiver run down his spine, and he knew that he was in danger. He tried to move, but he was too late. The cobra had already struck, and he was dead.

As she relaxed her tension, her foot touched the child, and he turned right over in his sleep, his head flung toward the coiled cobra. In a flash the cruel head rose and, with swiftness out of the darkness, struck deeply into the little arm. His mother's anguished cry stabbed the night air, and she tried to silence her breathing. The moments seemed an eternity, and passed, as for Rama never moved.

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THE EDGE OF BEYOND

by Geoffrey Cotterell

- THIRD WEEK of the stories with a problem to solve—are they FACT or FICTION?
- EVERY DAY you are given an opportunity to decide: DID IT HAPPEN?

THE car in my life will always be the old Chev convertible. I bought it for 125 dollars in Buffalo, New York, and drove it across the States. My American friends thought this very courageous since it was more than 10 years old, which to them made it a sort of Genevieve.

But it looked pretty good to me and seemed to go well enough. There was even a button which started the hood rolling back, although a demonstration of this unfortunately caused a couple of tears in the worn out canvas; the hood stayed up after that.

The coachwork had obviously had a few knocks and the speedometer had stopped at 65,000 quite some time ago, but you couldn't have everything for 125 dollars.

Snow and Ice

Soon after I set off the great American winter began to nudge me. There was snow all through the Mid-West, a blizzard in Detroit and the world's latest breeze came off the lake at Chicago. But the Chev had been splendidly and it had a very efficient little heater. In Nebraska the weather improved, the anti-freeze alcohol burned out and I was glad I had resisted all those men at the gas stations who had tried to sell me chains for the tyres.

I spent Christmas in Denver, the bustling, thriving Mile High City and, as it unkindly proclaims, the climate capital of the world. The sun was dazzling, the air was wonderful and at the end of the long straight streets you could see the Rockies. Plenty of snow up there, but unfortunately, in spite of the Crosby family singing about a white Christmas in all the shops and drug stores, none down in Denver. At one party I remember the hostess was in despair, for she had arranged to supply "Tom and Jerry" a drink for a strictly Dickensian Christmas—egg yolk and whisky, mixed and served warm—and there were all the hired

sue'ching to the north and south in a long, noble line with glimpses of snow peaks. Directly ahead the spruce trees soared up against odd colour effects of purple, green and grey.

Soon, I was on the foothills and my ears buzzed as the Chev began to climb. Things became impressive. There were gorges, hairpin bends, sudden glimpses of great heights. Then the snow was piled up 20 ft. on either side, but the road was beautifully dry and the Chev sounded happy, though a little breathless.

The fairyland scenery went on and on, up and up to Bertoud Pass, which was 11,315 ft. high; there are almost as many notices in the Rockies as in Tottenham Court Road.

Home from home

Here was a ski lodge, crowded, gay, and extremely pleasant. It was the real jingle bells atmosphere. I stayed around for an hour or so and then drove down to the valleys in the centre of the Rockies. This was an equally attractive run, and at dusk I came to Kremmling, population 565, where I decided to stay the night.

I ate at the La Casa Restaurant Cafe, and at the Kremmling Club, a small bar. I saw a man with six dollars at a pin-table. Everyone looked very tough and cowboyish, the men wore their hair long, the woman behind the bar swore like a trooper. They might have been ham actors doing a Western. Outside it was very enjoyable. Outside it was very enjoyable, but so dry that you could walk round in your shirt-sleeves without noticing the cold.

Next morning it was bright and sunny. I checked my route card, which said: "There is a spectacular view of the wide valley thousands of feet below from Rabbit's Ear Pass," and drove off expectantly. For twenty miles or so the scene was pretty bare and rugged, often with a curious black and white colour scheme. Small hills rose up ahead like charcoal drawings. There seemed to be no one else on the road.

Then my ears began buzzing and here were the mountains again, and after a few miles the snow, and it all looked marvellous in the sunshine. I hoped there would be another ski lodge at the top. A few more miles of climbing and a notice informed me that I had just passed the great continental divide—"Atlantic Ocean Watershed—Pacific Ocean Watershed." Farther on and up, at nine thousand six hundred and eighty feet, I learned that I was approaching the pass. The mountain slope had receded, the road was crossing a plateau.

Suddenly I realised that the sun had gone and it was getting quite dark. It was a sinister transformation. There was no sign of any ski lodge and still no other traffic. Though there was very little gradient the Chev was not gripping, the road well. My carefree mood disappeared. I thought uneasily that this was no place to have an accident.

Skid... skid

All at once I felt the Chev tremble and it was difficult to keep straight. A wind was howling and sending clouds of snow blowing about. I could see only a flat white surface on either side, like an Antarctic scene. This went on for a mile or two. The Chev was swerving quite badly. I wondered if I ought to stop, but the best thing seemed to be to go on and get out of it. Then the road was again following the side of a mountain. I was through the pass and the descent had begun.

Now it was snowing heavily, and this meant another disadvantage. My windshield wiper worked, but rather fitfully, so that every few seconds there was no visibility at all. At the next bend I had a bad skid, but I pumped the footbrake madly and kept going. I knew that

beyond the other side of the road there was a sheer drop. The road was so icy now that I had hardly any control. Another bad skid, just righted, then a sharper bend—and this time I had it. The Chev spun completely round and slid fast and backwards into the snow-drift on the mountainside. The engine cut out. All round was dead silence. There was a cramp in my fingers from gripping the wheel tightly.

I lit a cigarette and tried to calm down. My luck had been terrific. But it wasn't easy to look at the emptiness beyond the other side of the road and feel happy. Moreover, with the engine off the heater was off too, so it was getting cold fast. It had been quite snug coming along and I had nothing warm on. My overcoat, sweaters and so on were all packed in the boot, which was at present firmly pressing the snow.

I touched the starter button and found that the Chev was still in action. The wheels, of course, churned helplessly.

thought of the man, at the Denver party saying, "Sooner you than me." He could say that again.

However, I had a couple of empty sacks in use as a carpet, so I got out, immediately grabbing the door-handle to avoid somersaulting, and put a sack under each rear wheel. After a few efforts the Chev went forward a foot, and at once slid back. I tried again and made it. I drove very slowly about twenty yards down the road, a yard out from the mountain-side, and put the brake on. The Chev stopped. I got out again to go back for the sacks. It was almost impossible to walk for the ice was terribly slippery. This would be where the route card had jokingly referred to the spectacular view of the valley thousands of feet below. The snow fell down thickly into the emptiness. I reached the sacks, picked them up and turned.

No... no

Slowly, deliberately, the Chev was sliding sideways towards the edge of the slide.

"Oh, no!" I exclaimed, and I can hear the ludicrous sound of my voice now. There was no barrier to stop it going over. It was impossible to run down the icy road. I stood there paralysed. In a couple of seconds I was going to be left without a car, without even a coat on, 30 miles from any

where, eight or nine thousand feet up and in a blizzard. In such a moment one thinks with painful clarity. Death was probable, severe frostbite certain. Happy New Year.

The Chev went on sliding with a kind of shudder, and the rear began to swing faster, four feet away, three feet two. This was it. I closed my eyes.

But when I looked again the Chev was still there. It had stopped with about 18 inches to go. The left rear wheel was on the edge.

Off told

I made my careful tense way back with the sacks. I had to get in and I was only too conscious that my weight might start the slide again. This time the Chev would have me as a passenger as it crashed down into the valley. I never prayed so hard as when I opened that door. Gently I eased myself across, released the handbrake and the Chev moved forward.

At the next bend it slid into the bank again, which was all right with me. I was limp and slaphappy, and I didn't care if I froze. At least I'd be sitting down.

That's all there is to it. The snow went on and there was this tremendous silence. After a couple of hours a breakdown truck came by on its way to an



Drawing by KOOLMAN.

This was it... I closed my eyes.

accident somewhere else. An hour later I was signing the book in a small warm hotel at Steamboat Springs, the next town. The plump manageress was only dimly interested to learn that I had just come through the mountains.

"All you need is a heavy car, lots of speed, chains and confidence," she said. "I go twice a week."

I smiled at her gratefully. A light car, not much speed, no chains, no confidence—I was already rehearsing my story. There I was, helplessly watching it slide towards the edge. She would be the first to hear it.

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DID IT REALLY HAPPEN?

YES | NO

Put your tick to the space above and keep this panel, till Monday when the answer will be given together with another story by

LOUIS GOLDING

Yesterday's story by Emma Smith was FICTION.

THERE'S A GLUT OF GIRLS

By DOUGLAS CLARK

OVER the stately homes of Britain broods a sense of crisis. What is the trouble? A famine of boy babies.

In spite of startlingly frequent divorces and hopeful remarriages, in spite of the steady import of likely foreign brides, in spite of stern encouragement from their family mottoes, dozens of blue-blooded lines are failing to get sons.

What comfort is there in that for their aristocratic daddies? Consider 53-year-old Lord Hawke (Family motto: Strike!) When a sixth daughter was born to him he could still make a brave little joke which would have appealed to his great-aunt's uncle, the 7th Baron. He said it completed his maiden over.

But now comes a further delivery—yet another girl—and you may be sure that a sad ancestral sign, whippers through the Long Room at Lord's.

THE DUKES

The efficacy of prayer does not extend to the plea of the British peerage:—

"Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning die, 'But leave us still our old nobility.'"

Instead, while wealth and commerce thrive and laws and learning are in a pickle, for what does this crisis among the coronets mean?

EXTINCTION?

Some lines are threatened with outright extinction. In other cases the title may have to pass to a distant relative, while daughters gather in the family fortune.

For here is a strange thing. Everywhere in Britain's ribbed and vaulted baronial halls daughters abound. They are busy with their needle and good works, learning the violin, riding to hounds, growing up to the exquisite moment of fulfilment when they "come out" and are presented—before being swallowed up in the shorthand typing pool at the Foreign Office.

Soar higher. Go to the dukes. The premier among them, the Duke of Norfolk, has four daughters, no sons. His title may go to a kinsman, Viscount Fitzalan of Derwent, but his properties, such as Arundel Castle, may pass elsewhere. The Duke of Norfolk might not possess the large territories one associates with the name.

The Dukes of Newcastle ("But hope is undaunted"), Bedford, Rutland, St Albans ("A pledge of better times"), Sutherland, and Portland cannot boast a son among them. The Duke of Westminster and Abol are unmarried.

The Duke of Leeds, 54, has married in turn a big gamekeeper, a dancer, a brigadier's daughter, and—two months ago—a 23-year-old Jersey painter. He inherited the bulk of a £738,000 fortune, and misses high taxes by living in the Channel Islands; but though he has all the money in the world it has not so far brought him a male heir.

The output is little higher among the marquises, earls, and barons.

NO SONS

No son is available to succeed the 70-year-old twice-married Marquis of Tweeddale ("Spurs enough"). The Earl of Clancarty, 63, has been to the altar twice too. His issue? Three daughters.

A son died in infancy in 1926. The Earl of Fitzwilliam, who comes from a pre-Conquest family, is unmarried. The Earl of Leicester ("He is prudent who is patient"), Clarendon ("Always ready"), and Cavan ("Prepared on either side") can muster eight daughters altogether, but no male heir.

And the rancher-baron Lord Cheylesmore, whose wives have been a Tasmanian chorus girl and a Canadian nurse—it is not uncommon in the best families to marry one's nurse—has no children at all.

Of course, a few peerages get a double chance of continued existence through a special remainder clause in the letters patent, which creates the title. Under this remainder a daughter can succeed, and Cavan's daughter, Viscountess Portal, is favoured in this fashion, which has brought into being peeresses in their own right.

NONSENSE!

But almost invariably such a concession has been limited to Britain's glittering wartime heroes; to great Service leaders of lasting renown. I mention one curious exception. Lady Rhonda's father, the first viscount, was Food Controller from 1917 to 1918.

What will come out of this dearth of boy-babies? One thing is certain. It makes nonsense of Lord Samuel's recent statement that at the present rate of new creations, the present total of 653 peers may shortly rise to 1,000.

That would be a number unparalleled for an Upper House in the history of the world.

It is true that when Queen Elizabeth I died in 1603 the number of peers was only about 70—a ratio of 14 per million of the population. But it is still only 16 or 17 per million. And expected extinctions may well reduce the ratio once more.

That is a sad business for Britain's stately homes. But providence seems to work to a motto of its own.

"Moderation in all things."

DELMEY WARNS: BEWARE POLITICAL JU-JITSU



Vienna, May 1. HE has been standing here in Schwarzenberg Square for the last 40 minutes, the young poker-faced lieutenant in the black breeches, grey-green tunic, and flat grey-green cap of the Red Army Intelligence Corps.

He has been standing here beside me watching, as I am, groups of factory workers marching behind their red banners.

This was originally intended to be a great triumph Communist May Day demonstration. I don't know what the lieutenant is going to report.

I can only tell you that to me most of the plodding men and women made a sad contrast with the bright gay sunshine and brilliant green of the budding trees.

Many faces look tired, glum, apathetic, worried.

And so would you look worried if you were in their thick-soled but none too well-made shoes.

For most of these men and women are the employees of Austria's numerous Soviet-owned and Soviet-managed factories.

NEW WORRY

They have to turn out for Communist parades like this. If they don't turn up they fall foul of their Communist bosses, they lose their privileges, perhaps even their jobs.

That is bad enough. But their worry today is that by parading here right now they may be getting themselves into the black books of the who will be their masters tomorrow.

Right here in the big building that overlooks this square, the ambassador of Britain, the United States, France, and the Soviet Union are due to meet the two Foreign Ministers of the Austrian Government tomorrow in order to put the final touches to a peace treaty.

And that peace treaty—as already agreed in Moscow in the talks between the Austrians and the Russians—will mean not only the withdrawal of the occupying Red Army from Austria.

It will mean also that the Russians will hand back to the Austrians the factories, oil wells, shipping and dockyards they seized in 1945 by way of reparations. Assurances were given in Moscow by the Austrian delegation that there would be no kind of victimisation of employees when this take-over

TERROR WALKS WITH PEACE

From SEFTON DELMEY

DOES it mean a first victory for the decision of the North Atlantic Treaty Powers to re-arm West Germany under the Paris agreement?

How much I would like to be able to report to you that this is my view.

A RETREAT

Alas, after hearing a full account of the secret negotiations of the Austrian and Soviet Ministers in Moscow from the most qualified of sources, after studying the subsequent activities of the Soviet authorities here in Austria and after assessing the first reactions to the Soviet manoeuvre in Germany and elsewhere, I am convinced that this retreat is a most subtle and successful piece of political and strategic ju-jitsu.

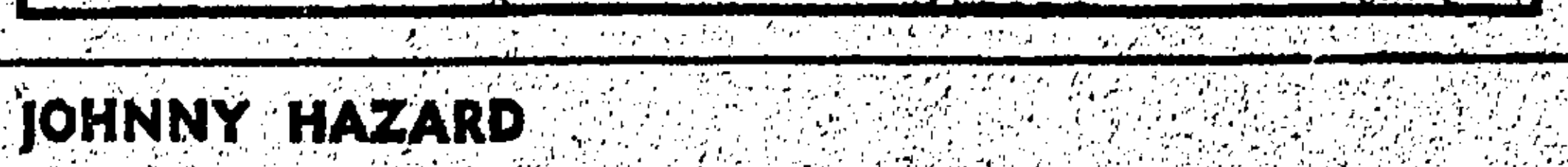
It is a retreat like that of a Japanese wrestler. He throws himself on the floor, dragging his opponent with him. Then "zoomph"—kicks him over his head. We shall have to watch out most carefully for that kick in the negotiations that begin among the ambassadors tomorrow.

Mr. Mikoyan, Russian Deputy Prime Minister, made that clear enough in Moscow when speaking to Dr. Bruno Kreisky, the Socialist in Austria's two-headed Foreign Ministry.

"The Americans, the British, and the French," said Mikoyan, "had become so convinced we would never agree to get out of Austria that they have agreed to all kinds of things they would never have considered otherwise."

"Now we shall hold them to all this. Much as they would like to."

THE LAND IN CHAINS THAT WAITS UNEASILY—EXPRESSMAP BY JOHN BODLE



JOHNNY HAZARD

JOHNNY, I'VE SEEN THE WOMAN IN THAT LOW BEFORE BUT WHERE... WHERE?

NO, NO, NONE OF THOSE...

THAT'S HER! BUT IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

...this situation calls for a

San Miguel

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

Gay Stripes For The Beach



This gay striped skirt in red and white linen is designed for the beach by Christian Dior. It has an amusing hat to match. The square-necked pullover is of white wool—Agence France-Press.

WHITE HAIRS? Don't Worry—
You're In The Fashion

THERE'LL be no worries about the first white hairs this Spring. Heads touched with pure white are the very latest fashion. Elegant women, long before nature intended, are having their hair highlighted with touches of white.

A dramatic contrast with dark hair, it also gives pleasing silver highlights to blonde heads and lends an extra note of sophistication to hair genuinely turning grey. Newer and smarter than mauve or blue rinses, London's top model girls are falling for this new craze. It looks equally effective on dark-haired Italian Maria Scarada as on blonde Jean Dawney and Barbara Murray.

Photographed on right you see the season's touch-of-white hair styles on models Pat Lever and Jackie Jackson.



Pat Lever wearing a touch-of-white hairstyle by Martin Douglas



Jackie Jackson's style is short and windswept, highlighted with white.

gril, Joan Diener, has adopted this style, also Patricia Roc and Susan Shaw. And, demonstrating that it's a style equally good for the very young or the over-forties, so has Gladys Cooper.

Mystery man of the hair-dressing world at the moment is Rene, the tall, good-looking Frenchman, who dressed Princess Margaret's hair on her Caribbean cruise.

Pending the opening of his own London salon he is temporarily in hiding, working in one small room on the second floor of a London club. His oldest and closest customers visit him there, including several of the top models.

Only his wife and one shampooist share this small Mayfair hideout which boasts only one drier and one basin.

BANNED

There are certain words I'd like to see banned for ever from fashion dictionaries. They are: combinations, bloomers, suspender belts, mackintosh, bust bodice, corsette, knickerbockers and underpants.

Let's substitute their modern, more attractive synonyms—all-in-ones, panties, roll-ons, rain-wear, bras, foundations, briefs and trunks.

—HELEN ASCROFT

SUCCESS TIP:
A JOB IS NOT
A TEA PARTY

Boston.

TO get along in business, a woman must "behave like a woman at work, not a girl at a tea party," says Margaret Divver, advertising executive for a large insurance firm.

Miss Divver, who handles US\$1,000,000 a year in advertising (for John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co.), says the basic rule for women in business is to "work as hard as a man."

"Women are still conspicuous in business," she said, "so the girl who wants to get ahead should not take a 'Queen of the Court' attitude."

"There are fewer of us in the business world, so it is necessary that we behave properly—we can't be noisy or display emotion, because it just doesn't go. Men are always the first to say, 'see, just like a woman!'" —United Press.

FOR YOUNG AND OLD

The white lights are pleached right into the hair, and last until the hair grows out.

Actresses, too, are finding the light-headed look more glamorous for Spring. Kismet's pin-up

This "Maternal Instinct"
Has To Be Taught!

New York.

It is the considered opinion of medical science that women have no instinct which tells them how to feed their babies.

Dr. Mavis Gunther studied 150 women, who were

mothers for the first time, and also searched out everything science has found out about maternal instincts.

That instinct was not among them. But if it is any consolation to women, she pointed out that chimpanzees in captivity don't know how to feed their babies either. They have to be taught.

MIMICRY?

"When a female chimpanzee cannot rear her young without having a human male to teach her, instinct in the mother may indeed be said to have failed," remarked Dr. Gunther.

A likely explanation of nature having short-changed women on instinct is that "mimicry" may take the place of instinct in infant-feeding—in human-beings as well as in monkeys. Monkeys live in colonies. The females have watched the feeding process many times before it becomes their turn.

But with women, a real trouble has developed with advancing civilization, "the small size of present day families and the conventions of modesty, combined with housing which allows

privacy, have ensured that most women do not as children watch a baby being suckled," she said. Indeed, among her obstetrical patients, "it is rare" for more than one in ten ever to have seen it even once—"far less to have an easy familiarity with the process from frequent watching."

Since there is no instinct in women, and since they can't mimic when they don't know what it is they're to mimic, doctors have to face up to the fact that first mothers have to be taught.

Fortunately, babies are born equipped with an instinct of how to take in food. "This instinct doesn't involve sight, hearing, smell, or taste. It is set into motion by touch alone—by touch within the mouth." This instinct should be harnessed at once—"since it begins to fade out after the first four or five days of life if it hasn't been thoroughly aroused."

IMPORTANT

Teaching mothers what instinct doesn't tell them is a matter of much importance, she thought, because "when a mother is very anxious to feed her child and he refuses and fights, she is profoundly depressed. She may be found weeping before each feeding, and her delight in her child may be completely taken away by her misery."

Dr. Gunther made her studies in a large obstetrical hospital in London. She reported her results in the world-famous medical journal, The Lancet. —United Press.

THE THIRD OF A SERIES ON HOW WORKING
GIRLS BUDGET ON A £12 OUTFIT
The Well-Paid Kenya Secretary
Faces Many Problems
By LESLEY CLAY

Nairobi. THE problems which beset the young secretary who works in an office in Kenya are very different from those in other countries.

To begin with, she has to attempt to follow a much higher standard of living and dressing, and while her salary is far in excess of that in most areas, her expenses are much greater and her choice and range much smaller.

Utopia?

There are comparatively speaking, few young unmarried girls in office jobs in Kenya; the majority of women who work in this young and growing community are married women who, for reasons economic or domestic, frequently leave their children in nursery schools and go out to work, being dropped off at their offices by their husbands on their way to the city.

The demand for shorthand typists and in particular, for good secretaries, far exceeds the supply; in consequence, employers have to pay dearly for the services of quite often slipshod stenographers. Generally speaking, a girl who can shorthand expects—and frequently gets—a monthly salary of £40. A qualified and efficient secretary here and there finds a plum at £70; but secretarial pay is usually in the region of £30-£35 per month. That may sound like Utopia to the stenographer who earns between £18 and £210 a week, but when it comes to budgeting for clothes, an item that looms very largely on the Kenya girl's horizon, the plan begins to prick.

Let us look round Kenya's capital, Nairobi, and see what we can find in the way of dress shops. There are four which might be described as in the couture class, perhaps another four in a slightly descending scale of more popular-type clothes—though they carry some high-priced models too—and then we come to the Indian shops which sell materials of all kinds by the yard.

Not Couture Shops!

The couture shops are out of the question for the young wage earner except for special occasions for which she would have to save up, or unless she got help from her parents. With the exception of one shop which

sells popularly-priced mass-produced dresses on the lines of those seen in many London shops—and in a small community like this you are likely to meet one of these dresses round the next corner—she will not be able to buy a couture dress which has a reasonable expectation of life, under about £5 or more. As couture dresses are worn all the year round here, with the exception of a month or two when perhaps a thinish suit or a jumper and skirt makes its appearance, our office girl requires a minimum of five or six White shoes and white silk. White shoes are a usual accompaniment, and although the is often told she can never look smart without stockings, she often goes around minus her nylons on the grounds of economy. Almost all women, and men, too, for that matter, go bareless in Kenya, even elderly women, except for the odd formal occasion—perhaps a wedding or something like that. Gloves are rarely worn.

Social Activity

On the face of it, it sounds cheaper to wear cottons all the year round, for wool is expensive and needs careful cleaning. But, don't forget the wear and tear of laundering these cottons. Even the better known trade names like Herculites and Toolies find it hard to stand up to the rough ministrations of the African houseboy; and most laundries charge between 3s. 6d. and 5s. 6d. for washing and 7s. 6d. for cleaning a cotton dress. They last only about a day what with heat, dust and perspiration; some people who go home to lunch change into fresh dress before returning to work.

Social Activity

There is yet another aspect of life in the Colony which has to be taken into consideration when budgeting for clothes. There is considerably more social activity in a city like Nairobi than in a town with a population of comparable size in say, Britain. Being an air terminal, it is frequented by important visitors, who whether from trade or entertainment spheres, seemingly have to be entertained by those interested in the particular lines. We propose, therefore, to dress our secretary in such a manner that she would be able to go on to one of these parties, although in fact, it is most unlikely that she would do so without going home and have to save up, or unless she got help from her parents. With the exception of one shop which

if for a late-night engagement, into full evening dress which is worn here on very many occasions.

Well Equipped

If Eileen had not been able to cut out and sew the dress herself it would have cost her between £60 and £70. 0d. to have it made by one of the Indian tailors; if she took it to one of the very few European dressmakers, it would have probably cost still more.

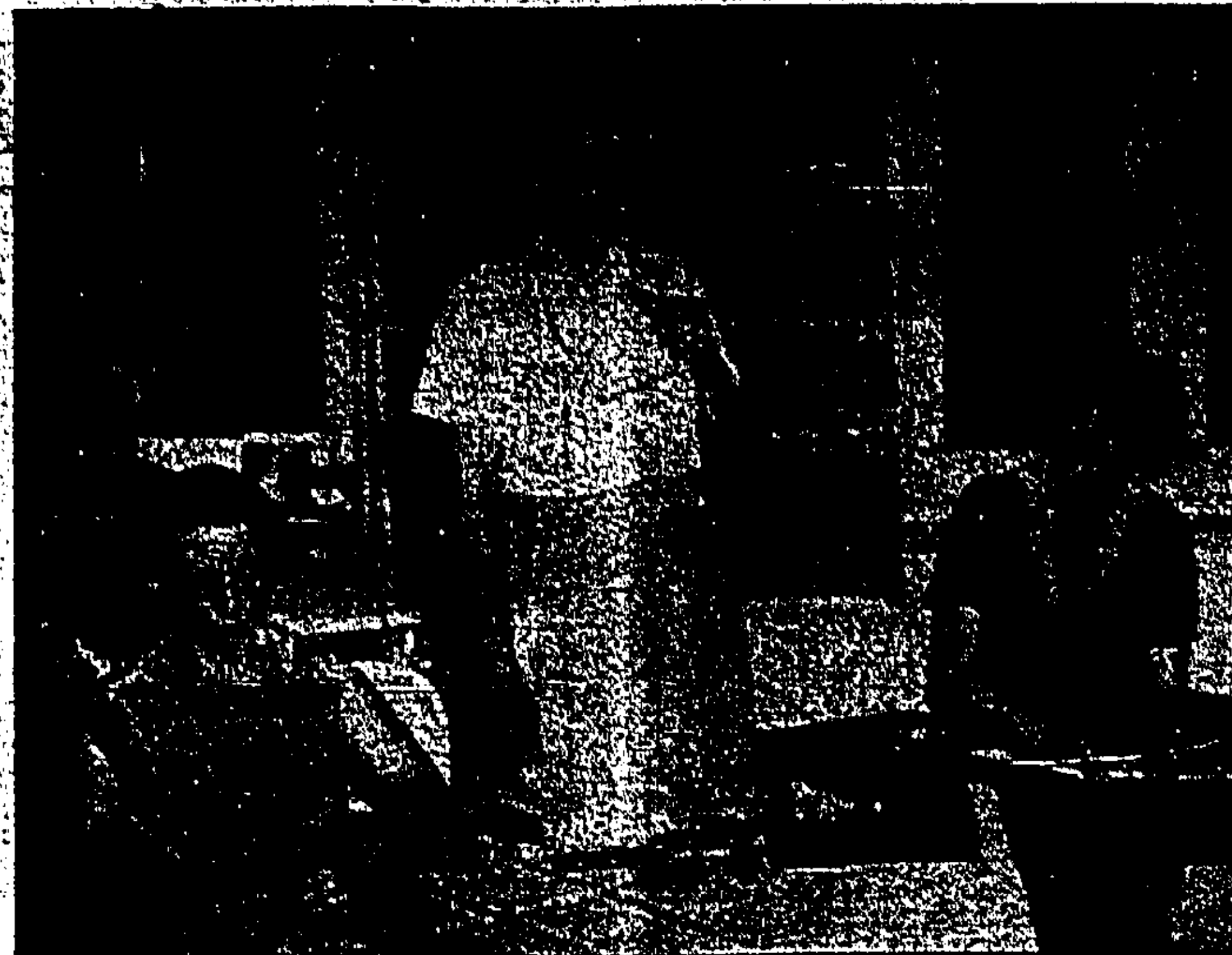
White shoes would not do for after office, so Eileen spent herself on a pair of hard court shoes at 7s. 6d., a very good buy as they wear extremely well and go with every colour scheme. That meant a matching handbag, which she was lucky enough to pick up only slightly shop-soiled, for 9s. 0d. An earring and brooch set of almost-white alloy cost 21s. 0d.; her bracelet, after a long search, she got for 18s. 0d. A pair of fairly sheer nylons cost 12s. 0d. and she felt well equipped for the day. She did, however, exceed her budget by 17s. 6d., as you will see from this list.

Other Commitments

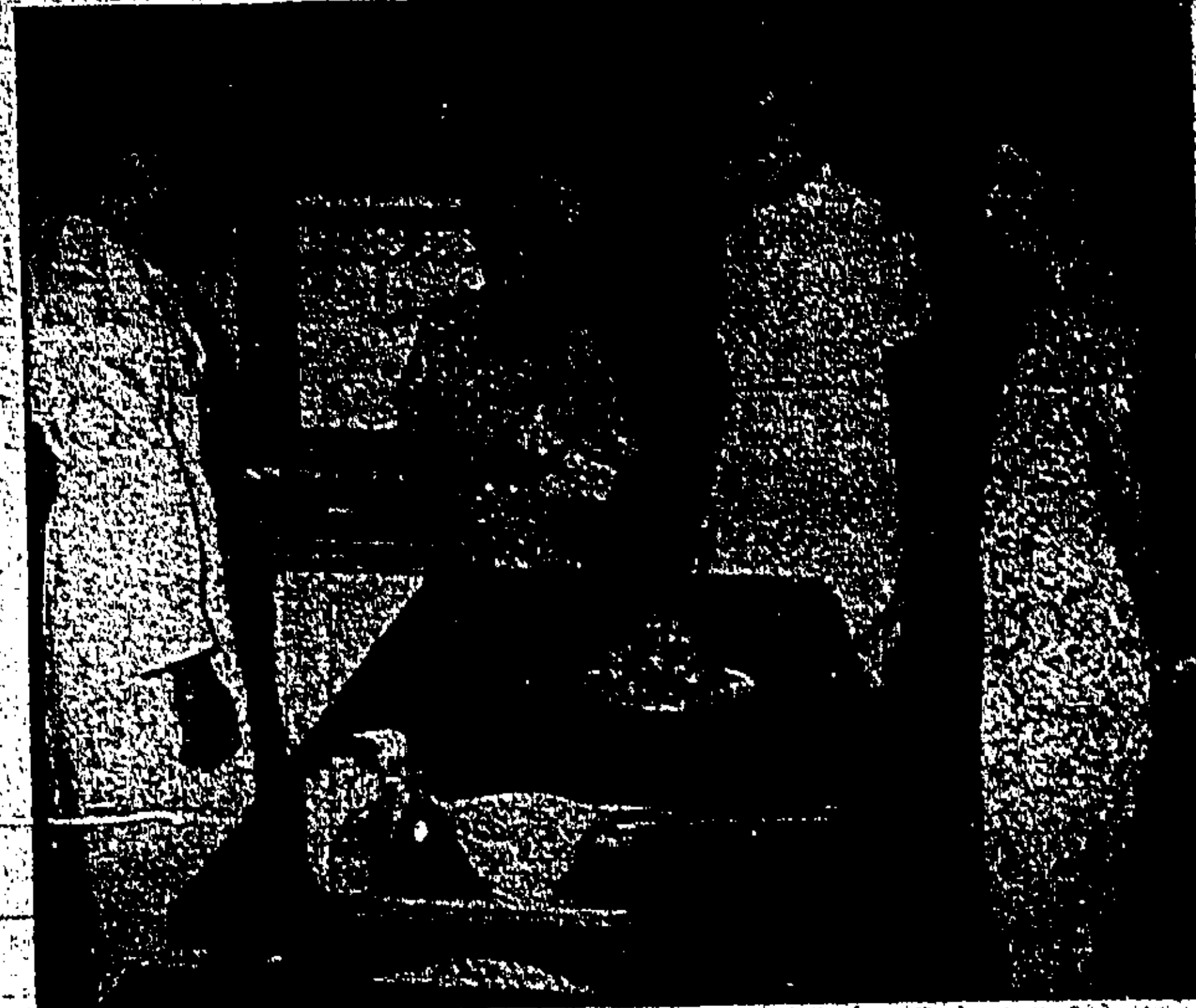
Having budgeted for this one outfit, our secretary still has a fair amount left out of her £40 monthly salary, but by the amount of sunshine she must then consider her other commitments. Accommodation, for instance, is at a premium if she is unmarried or unable to "live" with her parents—to whom she would probably pay £1 "lump" sum, anyhow. She has to find a flat on "digs," as unfurnished flats for a single person cost at least £15 per month; on top of that there is food, electricity, water, repairs and, probably, a boy's wages—£4-£5-£6-£8-£10-£12-£14-£16-£18-£20-£22-£24-£26-£28-£30-£32-£34-£36-£38-£40-£42-£44-£46-£48-£50-£52-£54-£56-£58-£60-£62-£64-£66-£68-£70-£72-£74-£76-£78-£80-£82-£84-£86-£88-£90-£92-£94-£96-£98-£100-£102-£104-£106-£108-£110-£112-£114-£116-£118-£120-£122-£124-£126-£128-£130-£132-£134-£136-£138-£140-£142-£144-£146-£148-£150-£152-£154-£156-£158-£160-£162-£164-£166-£168-£170-£172-£174-£176-£178-£180-£182-£184-£186-£188-£190-£192-£194-£196-£198-£200-£202-£204-£206-£208-£210-£212-£214-£216-£218-£220-£222-£224-£226-£228-£230-£232-£234-£236-£238-£240-£242-£244-£246-£248-£250-£252-£254-£256-£258-£260-£262-£264-£266-£268-£270-£272-£274-£276-£278-£280-£282-£284-£286-£288-£290-£292-£294-£296-£298-£300-£302-£304-£306-£308-£310-£312-£314-£316-£318-£320-£322-£324-£326-£328-£330-£332-£334-£336-£338-£340-£342-£344-£346-£348-£350-£352-£354-£356-£358-£360-£362-£364-£366-£368-£370-£372-£374-£376-£378-£380-£382-£384-£386-£388-£390-£392-£394-£396-£398-£400-£402-£404-£406-£408-£410-£412-£414-£416-£418-£420-£422-£424-£426-£428-£430-£432-£434-£436-£438-£440-£442-£444-£446-£448-£450-£452-£454-£456-£458-£460-£462-£464-£466-£468-£470-£472-£474-£476-£478-£480-£482-£484-£486-£488-£490-£492-£494-£496-£498-£500-£502-£504-£506-£508-£510-£512-£514-£516-£518-£520-£522-£524-£526-£528-£530-£532-£534-£536-£538-£540-£542-£544-£546-£548-£550-£552-£554-£556-£558-£560-£562-£564-£566-£568-£570-£572-£574-£576-£578-£580-£582-£584-£586-£588-£590-£592-£594-£596-£598-£600-£602-£604-£606-£608-£610-£612-£614-£616-£618-£620-£622-£624-£626-£628-£630-£632-£634-£636-£638-£640-£642-£644-£646-£648-£650-£652-£654-£656-£658-£660-£662-£664-£666-£668-£670-£672-£674-£676-£678-£680-£682-£684-£686-£688-£690-£692-£694-£696-£698-£700-£702-£704-£706-£708-£710-£712-£714-£716-£718-£720-£722-£724-£726-£728-£730-£732-£734-£736-£738-£740-£742-£744-£746-£748-£750-£752-£754-£756-£758-£760-£762-£764-£766-£768-£770-£772-£774-£776-£778-£780-£782-£784-£786-£788-£790-£792-£794-£796-£798-£800-£802-£804-£806-£808-£810-£812-£814-£816-£818-£820-£822-£824-£826-£828-£830-£832-£834-£836-£838-£840-£842-£844-£846-£848-£850-£852-£854-£856-£858-£860-£862-£864-£866-£868-£870-£872-£874-£876-£878-£880-£882-£884-£886-£888-£890-£892-£894-£896-£898-£900-£902-£904-£906-£908-£910-£912-£914-£916-£918-£920-£922-£924-£926-£928-£930-£932-£934-£936-£938-£940-£942-£944-£946-£948-£950-£952-£954-£956-£958-£960-£962-£964-£966-£968-£970-£972-£974-£976-£978-£980-£982-£984-£986-£988-£990-£992-£994-£996-£998-£1000-£1002-£1004-£1006-£1008-£1010-£1012-£1014-£1016-£1018-£1020-£1022-£1024-£1026-£1028-£1030-£1032-£1034-£1036-£1038-£1040-£1042-£1044-£1046-£1048-£1050-£1052-£1054-£1056-£1058-£1060-£1062-£1064-£1066-£1068-£1070-£1072-£1074-£1076-£1078-£1080-£1082-£1084-£1086-£1088-£1090-£1092-£1094-£1096-£1098-£1100-£1102-£1104-£1106-£1108-£1110-£1112-£1114-£1116-£1118-£1120-£1122-£1124-£1126-£1128-£1130-£1132-£1134-£1136-£1138-£1140-£1142-£1144-£1146-£1148-£1150-£1152-£1154-£1156-£1158-£1160-£1162-£1164-£1166-£1168-£1170-£1172-£1174-£1176-£1178-£1180-£1182-£1184-£1186-£1188-£1190-£1192-£1194-£1196-£1198-£1200-£1202-£1204-£1206-£1208-£1210-£1212-£1214-£1216-£1218-£1220-£1222-£1224-£1226-£1228-£1230-£1232-£1234-£1236-£1238-£1240-£1242-£1244-£1246-£1248-£1250-£1252-£1254-£1256-£1258-£1260-£1262-£1264-£1266-£1268-£1270-£1272-£1274-£1276-£1278-£1280-£1282-£1284-£1286-£1288-£1290-£1292-£1294-£1296-£1298-£1300-£1302-£1304-£1306-£1308-£1310-£1312-£1314-£1316-£1318-£1320-£1322-£1324-£1326-£1328-£1330-£1332-£1334-£1336-£1338-£1340-£1342-£1344-£1346-£1348-£1350-£1352-£1354-£1356-£1358-£1360-£1362-£1364-£1366-£1368-£1370-£1372-£1374-£1376-£1378-£1380-£1382-£1384-£1386-£1388-£1390-£1392-£1394-£1396-£1398-£1400-£1402-£1404-£1406-£1408-£1410-£1412-£1414-£1416-£1418-£1420-£1422-£1424-£1426-£1428-£1430-£1432-£1434-£1436-£1438-£1440-£1442-£1444-£1446-£1448-£1450-£1452-£1454-£1456-£1458-£1460-£1462-£1464-£1466-£1468-£1470-£1472-£1474-£1476-£1478-£1480-£1482-£1484-£1486-£1488-£1490-£1492-£1494-£1496-£1498-£1500-£1502-£1504-£1506-£1508-£1510-£1512-£1514-£1516-£1518-£1520-£1522-£1524-£1526-£1528-£1530-£1532-£1534-£1536-£1538-£1540-£1542-£1544-£1546-£1548-£1550-£1552-£1554-£1556-£1558-£1560-£1562-£1564-£1566-£1568-£1570-£1572-£1574-£1576-£1578-£1580-£1582-£1584-£1586-£1588-£1590-£1592-£1594-£1596-£1598-£1600-£1602-£1604-£1606-£1608-£1610-£1612-£1614-£1616-£1618-£1620-£1622-£1624-£1626-£1628-£1630-£1632-£1634-£1636-£1638-£1640-£1642-£1644-£1646-£1648-£1650-£1652-£1654-£1656-£1658-£1660-£1662-£1664-£1666-£1668-£1670-£1672-£1674-£1676-£1678-£1680-£1682-£1684-£1686-£1688-£1690-£1692-£1694-£1696-£1698-£1700-£1702-£1704-£1706-£1708-£1710-£1712-£1714-£1716-£1718-£1720-£1722-£1724-£1726-£1728-£1730-£1732-£1734-£1736-£1738-£1740-£1742-£1744-£1746-£1748-£1750-£1752-£1754-£1756-£1758-£1760-£1762-£1764-£1766-£1768-£1770-£1772-£1774-£1776-£1778-£1780-£1782-£1784-£1786-£1788-£1790-£1792-£1794-£1796-£1798-£1800-£1802-£1804-£1806-£1808-£1810-£1812-£1814-£1816-£1818-£1820-£1822-£1824-£1826-£1828-£1830-£1832-£1834-£1836-£1838-£1840-£1842-£1844-£1846-£1848-£1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HIS Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, conversing with Mr M. I. de Ville at last week's annual dinner of the Hongkong and China Branch, Royal Institute of Chartered Surveyors. Mr de Ville is Chairman of the body. (Staff Photographer)



MISS Grace Alt snapped when talking Council of Women members at the YWCA of her work in connection with the maternal and child welfare programme of the World Health Organisation in Hongkong. (Staff Photographer)



LADY GRANTHAM inspecting the cookery class when she visited the Ho Tung School for Girls last Monday. (Staff Photographer)



TWO happy poses of Captain John Chadwick Danskin and Miss Helene Victoria Zaharoff at their wedding reception, held at the Royal Hongkong Yacht Club. They were married last Saturday at St John's Cathedral. (Staff Photographer)



MR V. K. Krishna Menon, Premier Nehru's top policy adviser and chief Indian delegate to the United Nations, snapped at Kai Tak Airport on Tuesday, when he passed through on his way to Peking. With him are Mr L. B. C. Baker, ADC to the Governor, Mr Victor Mamak and other Indian residents. (Staff Photographer)



FRIENDS of Mr and Mrs L. Chadwick Kew at the christening of their baby daughter, Brenda Marion, which took place at St John's Cathedral recently. (Ming Yuen)



THE Drama Group of the South China Morning Post Sports Association, who presented a radio play, 'Tragedy of a Young Violinist,' over the Chinese section of Radio Hongkong last Saturday. The play was written by Mr Lui Kam-to, standing third from right.

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BELOW: Mrs Kay Byrne, a visiting American author, addressing the gathering before opening the Chinese YMCA College bazaar last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



R. Lynn and Y. H. Lee meet in the foils in the Colony amateur senior fencing championships held at the European YMCA. (Staff Photographer)

FEEL FITTER -

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The new PHILCO can, in most cases, be mounted flush with inside window sill—takes up no space in room. And only the PHILCO Air-conditioner has TRUE Automatic Temperature Control. Keeps temperature at desired level by AUTOMATICALLY regulating flow of refrigerant... not by switching unit on and off.

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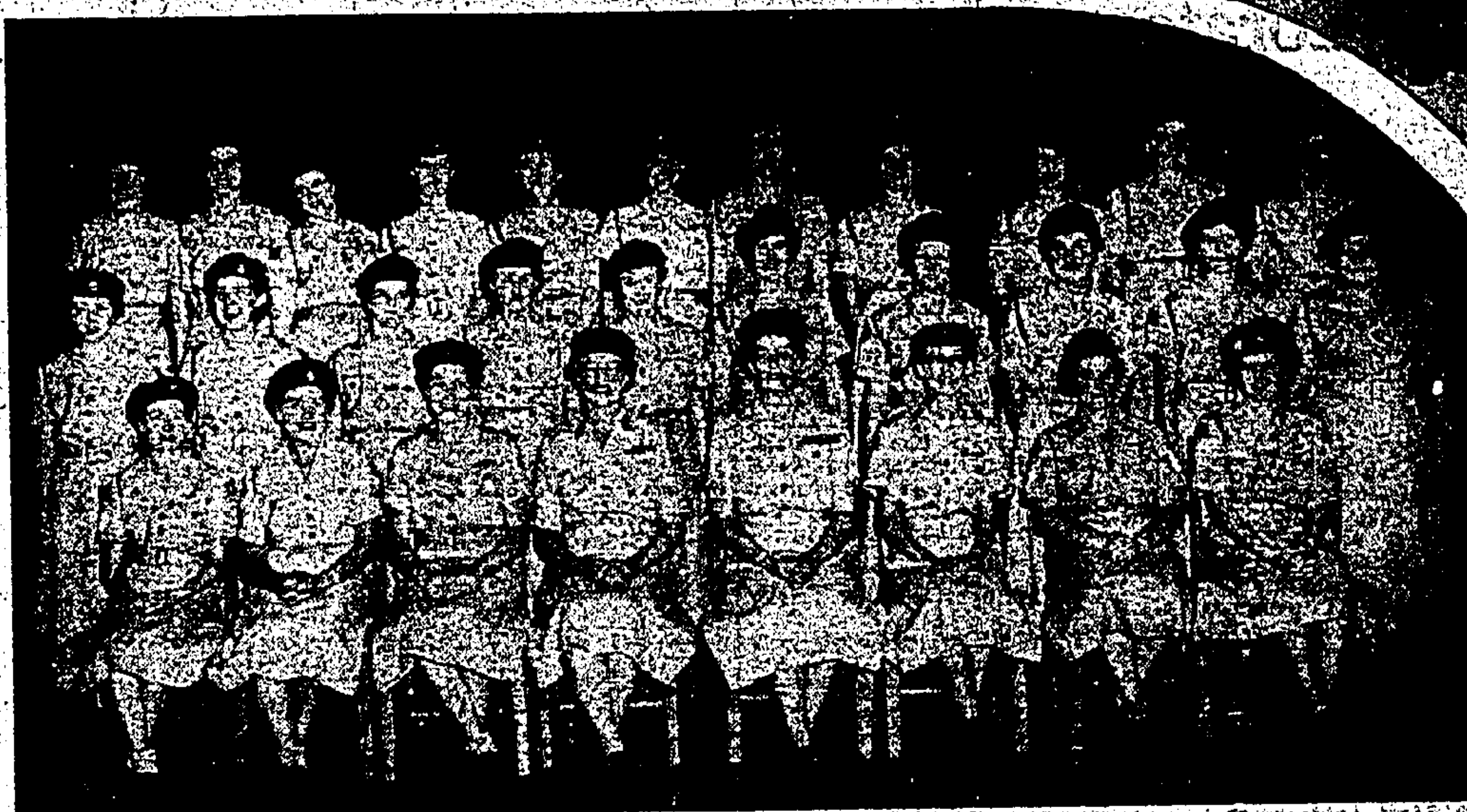
Gloucester Arcade Tel. 31146



ONE of the most brilliant social events of the season was the annual ball of the Malayan Association, held at the Ritz. Here, at the official table, watching the floor show, are Dr the Hon. S. N. Chau, Mrs Boey Kok-keng, the Hon. E. B. David (Colonial Secretary), Mr Boey Kok-keng (President of the Association), Mrs S. N. Chau and Dr the Hon. K. C. Yeo. (Staff Photographer)



MR Philip D. Reed (right), Chairman of the Board of Directors of the General Electric Company of the USA, greeting Brigadier R. H. Bellamy at the cocktail party given in his honour at the Hongkong Club by Mr H. W. Stocks, who is seen in the centre. (Staff Photographer)



GROUP picture of the 22 Independent Platoon, Women's Royal Army Corps, taken during the visit of the WRAC Director, Brigadier M. Railton, seated fourth from left. Fifth from left is Lt-Col J. Rivett-Drake, Assistant Director, who accompanied her here. (Mainland)

MR and Mrs R. E. Farrell (right), who were guests of honour at a farewell dinner party given by Mr and Mrs Robert C. S. Kwok at the Blue Heaven Restaurant, seen drinking a toast with their hosts. (Staff Photographer)

CHRISTENING of Tomothy Eden George, son of Mr and Mrs E. G. Yourieff, at the Union Church last Sunday.



RIGHT: The Hongkong Chinese team, who won the Memorial Cup when they beat the Kowloon Chinese at the Hongkong Football Club. (Staff Photographer)



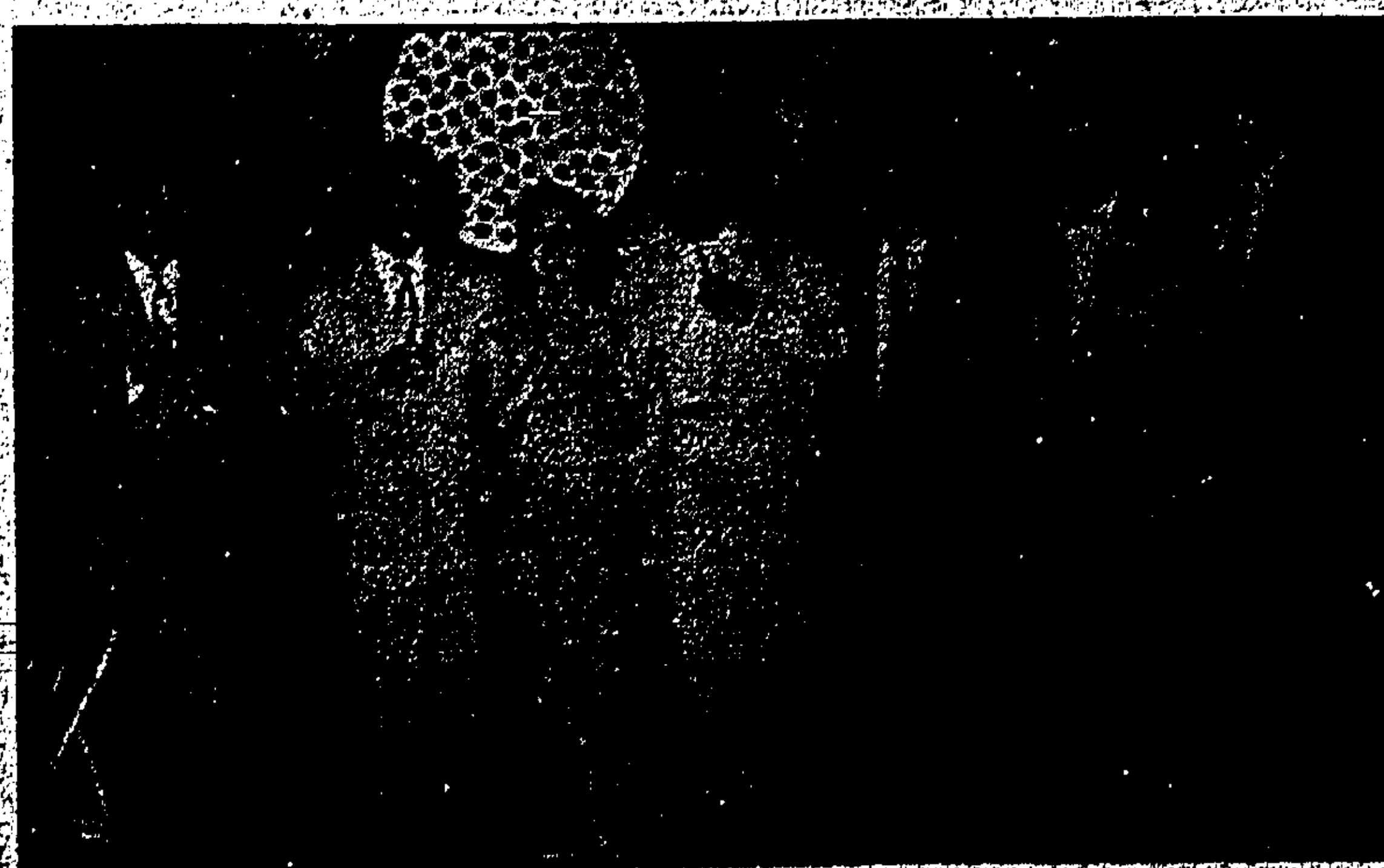
RIGHT: Winners of the Army Major Units Cricket League — the Royal Engineers XI. They defeated 15 Medium Regiment, RA, in the final. (Staff Photographer)



**ULTRA-MODERN
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ALEXANDRA HOUSE
ALEXANDRA ROAD



LEFT: At the dinner party given at the Kam Ling Restaurant on Thursday evening by Mr and Mrs K. K. Fung to celebrate the winning of the Hongkong Derby by their pony, Lightning Fast. Mr and Mrs Fung are third and fourth from left. On extreme right is Mr Peter Welton, jockey. (Staff Photographer)

WEEK-END WEAR

LISLE TEE SHIRTS

These are fully fashioned to ensure a good shape, and are available in a nice range of two tone designs.

IRISH LINEN SHORTS

Linen is probably the best wearing material for this garment and equally important, it washes very well. The waistband is adjustable and self supporting.

SWIMMING SHORTS

There is nothing very different about these shorts, excepting the fact that they have two side pockets.

MACKINTOSH'S

ALEXANDRA ARCADE
DES VOEUX ROAD

PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

Proper Hair Care Prevents Dandruff With Extra Conveniences

ONE of the things your best friends won't tell you is when your best blue suit has snow on the collar — and it isn't snowing. Prospective brides and fastidious secretaries recoil in horror, whispering to each other behind their hands about the unspeakable breach of good breeding. "The man has dandruff."

So have you. So have I. Everybody has dandruff, if he is careless about hair grooming. But there is dandruff and dandruff. It ranges all the way from the normal slight scaling, which takes place on every scalp, and traces on all skin, to the severe inflammatory seborrheic dermatitis.

The skin has a number of layers, variously classified according to how much detail one desires. Basically, these may be regarded as deep, middle and surface layers. In the deeper layer lie some of the glands, most of the blood vessels, and much fat and connective fibrous tissue which allows the skin to "slide" over the muscles beneath. In the middle layer we have the active living cells of the true skin, which constantly multiply and push the older cells toward the surface.

DEAD CELLS

As the living skin cells are pushed outward, they become flattened and lose their nuclei, and so they are no longer living cells. They are insensitive to pain and they gradually dry up and are washed or scale away. This takes place over the entire body, including the scalp, except that on the non-hairy portions of the skin, the dead outer scales wash or wear away easily; in the dense hair of the scalp, they collect. That is, if you have hair. There is seldom dandruff on bald scalps; and dandruff is not often the cause of baldness.

For the ordinary dandruff due to normal scaling, there is very little that needs to be done. First comes scalp cleanliness, which brings up the common question—how often shall I shampoo? This question often seems to be asked in the hope of getting in reply a categorical dictum—every week, every two weeks, twice a week, etc. There can be no such answer. Scalps differ, from the very oily to the extremely dry—the former need shampooing more often than the

By W. W. BAUER, M.D.

latter. Conditions differ—from extremely dusty, environment to clean and dustless conditions. The simple and sensible answer to the shampoo question is as often as necessary to keep your head clean, and neither too dry nor too oily.

There is a similar answer to the question as to what is the best shampoo? The one you like best, if it does not dry your scalp excessively. In general, detergent shampoos (soaps) are more drying than soaps. Liquid or powder shampoos rinse more easily, and are preferable to cake soap for that reason.

Besides cleanliness, brushing helps to keep the scalp clean of accumulated scales, and also stimulates the hair follicles and tends to distribute the natural skin oil over the hair shaft and thus add gloss to the hair.

MEDICAL TREATMENT

In some cases of excessive oiliness, often accompanying adolescent acne, it may be necessary to have medical treatment. There are now effective medicinal means available to your doctor.

Often confused with ordinary dandruff is seborrheic dermatitis.

This occurs often in luxuriant heads of hair, and usually with oily skin. It involves also the eyebrows, and the inflammation may extend onto the face and into the ear canals. It is accompanied by intense itching, inflammatory redness and severe scaling, which often makes a thick yellow crust over the entire scalp. Obviously this differs sharply from ordinary dandruff and requires medical treatment at once. Since there are other scalp conditions of the scalp, such as ringworm, it is wise to have medical diagnosis whenever there is more than just mild scaling, easily controlled by cleanliness, brushing and mild massage.

Modern Furnishings Leave Decorators Free Of Custom

By Barbara Wright

FURNISHING with contemporary styles is fun and has its pitfalls. But it never is dull.

Contemporary furnishings are the perfect foil for the unusual in accessories, but they do demand a careful and knowing selection, whether they're from Japan or Africa.

The fun comes because the decorator usually works with an enthusiastic, competent or client who has always been contemporary-minded. The principles of basic, good design are the only limitations in decorating contemporary interiors for such clients. A feeling of formality or informality can be created or a feeling of city-slickness or country elegance. In any instance, the imagination never is circumscribed by custom.

New Textures In Use

Fabrics and wall coverings are just two of the fields that have been reopened by the craftsmen of this and other countries. Weavers have introduced new textures by the use of old and new fibres in new ways and have co-ordinated colours and patterns to such an extent that working with fabrics is as ex-

citig as any part of interior planning.

Assuming a client is a business firm, again these contemporary materials buy the most efficiency for the decorating dollar. These clients have the right to demand that is functional as well as impressive. Naturally the boss is more interested in the "work-flow" than a Picasso. The trick is to provide him with both. Institutional lighting so often unplanned, is just as important as modular furniture in decorating from scratch or in redecorating.

Colour Important But Tricky

With the swing to informal-living, modern, by its unrestricted colour-use, simplicity and flexibility, easily creates a desired atmosphere of calm or exuberance at home or in the office.

But colour can just as easily become a pitfall for the contemporary decorator. Far too often brilliant colours can quickly become garish unless used with restraint.

Another deterrent to a contemporary decorator is the client who wants contemporary only because it's new-fashion. Too often she has been exposed to mediocre-modern. Then, a job of

education must be done before a really good interior can be planned and executed.

Often the question arises as to the advisability of mixing period and contemporary. The beauty of contemporary is that it accepts and allows a client's period furniture which she refuses to give up for economical or sentimental reasons.—United Press.

New Gourmet Entrees

By Ida Bailey Allen

"EGGS are cheaper," announced the Chef, "and just the thing to use for fine combination entrees for the home diner. So I brought three dozen from the market, Madame."

"Very good, Chef! Compared with the amount of money one has to spend for proteins, eggs are a thrifty buy."

"How about suggesting some dinner egg entrees to our readers? Here are four that are sure to please."

Fried Or Poached Eggs

Serve on toast covered with any kind of creamed or a la king meat, fish or shellfish. Top a thin serving of veal cutlet with a fried egg in Austrian style.

Serve on thick slices of crumbed, broiled or fried eggplant or tomato.

Egg-Bacon-Sausage Platter

Place single eggs on neat pieces of toast arranged in a row on a large platter. Flank on one side with strips of cooked bacon, on the other, with crisp small sausages atop slices of broiled or fried apple.

Dinner

Vegetable Soup Celery Radishes Scallops Ceterry Egg-Bacon-Sausage Platter Delmonico Potatoes Spinach Nut Doughnuts Maple Syrup Coffee Tea Milk

All Measurements Are Level Recipes Proportioned to Serve 4 to 6

Delmonico Potatoes: Small-dice 1 1/2 lbs. cold, peeled, cooked potatoes. Add 1 c. undiluted evaporated milk and 1/2 c. white milk. 1/4 tsp. salt, 1/4 tsp. dry pepper and 3 tsp. melted butter or margarine.

Put shallow 3-pt. baking dish generously with butter or margarine. Spread in potato mixture. Bake 35 min., or until browned in a moderate oven, 375°-400° F.

Nut Doughnuts: Sift together 1/2 c. already-sifted enriched flour, 4 tsp. baking powder, 1 tsp. salt, 1/4 tsp. nutmeg and 1/4 tsp. cinnamon. Add 2/3 c. fine-chopped pecan, walnut or Brazil nutmeats.

Beat 2 eggs with fork. Gradually beat in 1 c. sugar. When light, beat in 2 tsp. melted shortening.

Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with 1 c. milk, and stir lightly until well mixed. Wrap dough with wax paper. Roll to 1/2" thickness on floured board or pastry cloth; shape with floured doughnut cutter. Fry 3 min. in deep hot fat at 375° F., or until golden brown; drain on paper.

Roll to 1/2" thickness on floured board or pastry cloth; shape with floured doughnut cutter. Fry 3 min. in deep hot fat at 375° F., or until golden brown; drain on paper.

Fried Of The Chef: Rub out mixture of an egg over bottom of baking dish and use Delmonico potatoes.



WITH THE GARAGE at the end the exterior of this house is given a long look. Like most contemporary homes, it is light and airy, thanks to the numerous windows, which, due to their variety in size and shape, add considerable interest to the exterior design.



HANDSOME STONE AND VERTICAL BOARD give the exterior of this house a rugged appeal. The long stone plant box and the covered porch tie the garage to the main structure. Garage windows are placed so that they look as if they were in a regular room.

By Joan O'Sullivan

LIFE is worth living in a home complete with extra conveniences that make for comfort and easy upkeep. Both 3-bedroom designs shown today qualify on that count.

The first one is a dream house come true, with well-organized space for living, working and sleeping.

Open planning, so popular because it makes for multiple use of rooms, is employed in the living-working section. Dining room merges into kitchen and is almost one with the open-plan living area. Yet, if desired, the dining room could be draped, screened or partitioned off from the living room.

On entering the living room, the eye takes in a wide garden view, seen through a big bay window at the end of the room. At night, a huge fireplace makes for wall interest, and, just inside the living room door, there's a counter with a pass-through to the kitchen that makes it simple to serve snacks and refreshments.

The kitchen, in the front of the house, has a sunny breakfast nook. From it, the outdoor barbecue entry, an inside door to the garage and a stairway to the basement are accessible.

The bedroom area is left of the living room. Three bedrooms share a bath and a hall. The bedroom at back of the house is noteworthy for its built-in folding bed, designed to disappear into a bookcase when not in use.

This clean, bright room, during the day, and cradles it to double as den or play area. Another convenience: here is the entrance to the covered rear porch.

The plan comprises 1,498 square feet including garage and porch.

Planning perfection also went into the other house, pictured here. To the right of the open-plan living area is the living-dining section, to the left, the kitchen.

Again, living-dining section opens on back porch. Here, emphasis on indoor-outdoor living can be seen in the built-in porch, which looks like the back corner of the plan, and is

accessible from living room as well as dining room. In addition to an indoor fireplace, there's an outdoor barbecue on the porch.

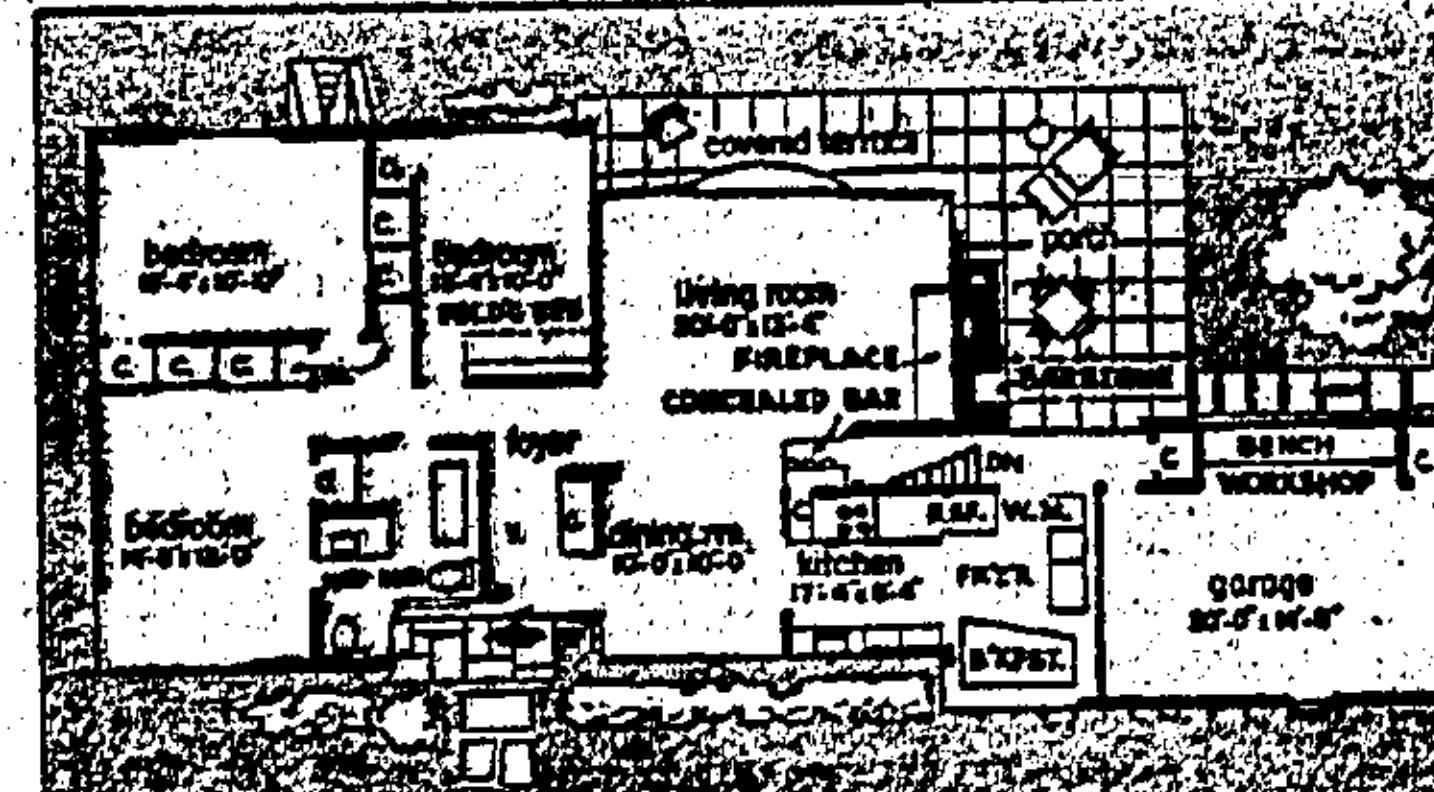
The kitchen, large, bright, airy and efficient, offers extra as a circular breakfast nook and an extra large broom closet. A back entry opens on the yard, while a hallway leads to the basement stairway.

Sleeping quarters are reached via a sun storage hall, its right wall lined with a coat closet, its left, a roomy unit for linen.

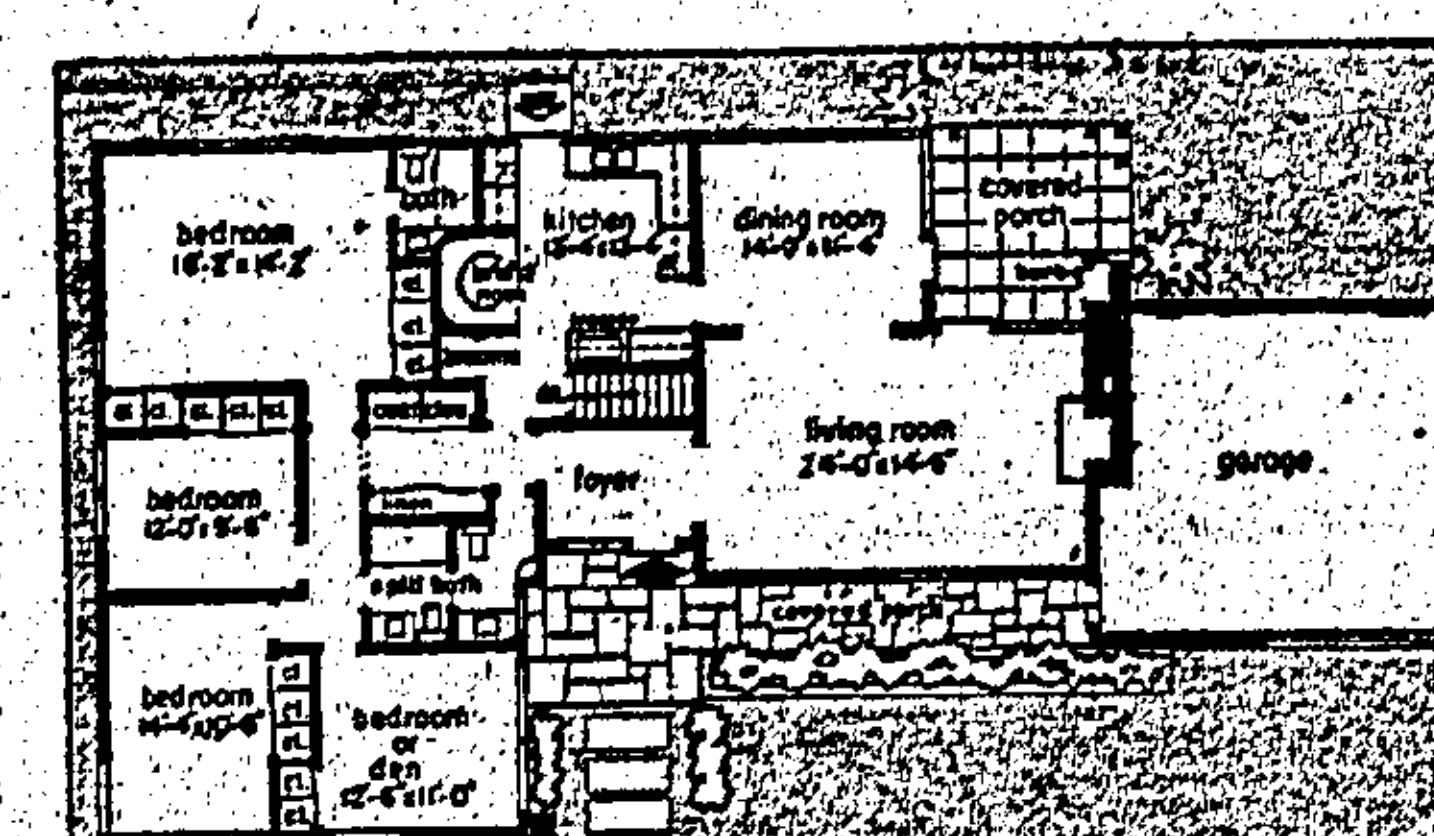
With the exception of the centre bedroom, the other two have cross ventilation. All enjoy excellent closet facilities.

A fourth room, designated as a den, could be a bedroom. Off the master bedroom is a private bath, while a split bath at the front of the house serves as guest powder room, and is accessible from kitchen and living areas at one side, opens on the bedroom hall at the opposite side.

The plan comprises 2,063 cubic feet.



IN THE HOUSE pictured on top of the page, the kitchen opens on the dining room, which is combined with the living area. Three bedrooms and a split bath complete the plan.



IN THE OTHER HOUSE pictured above, living and work areas are on the right side of the house, while sleeping quarters are on the left side.

PATIENCE IS REQUIRED TO CALM A NERVOUS CHILD

BY GARRY C. MYERS, Ph.D.

BABIES and young children, even of the same family, differ widely in serenity or jitteriness.

One child may be so calm, smile so readily, that it makes one feel relaxed just to look at him. Another child may be so jittery, excitable and irritable as to make a parent observe that he is a "little dynamo."

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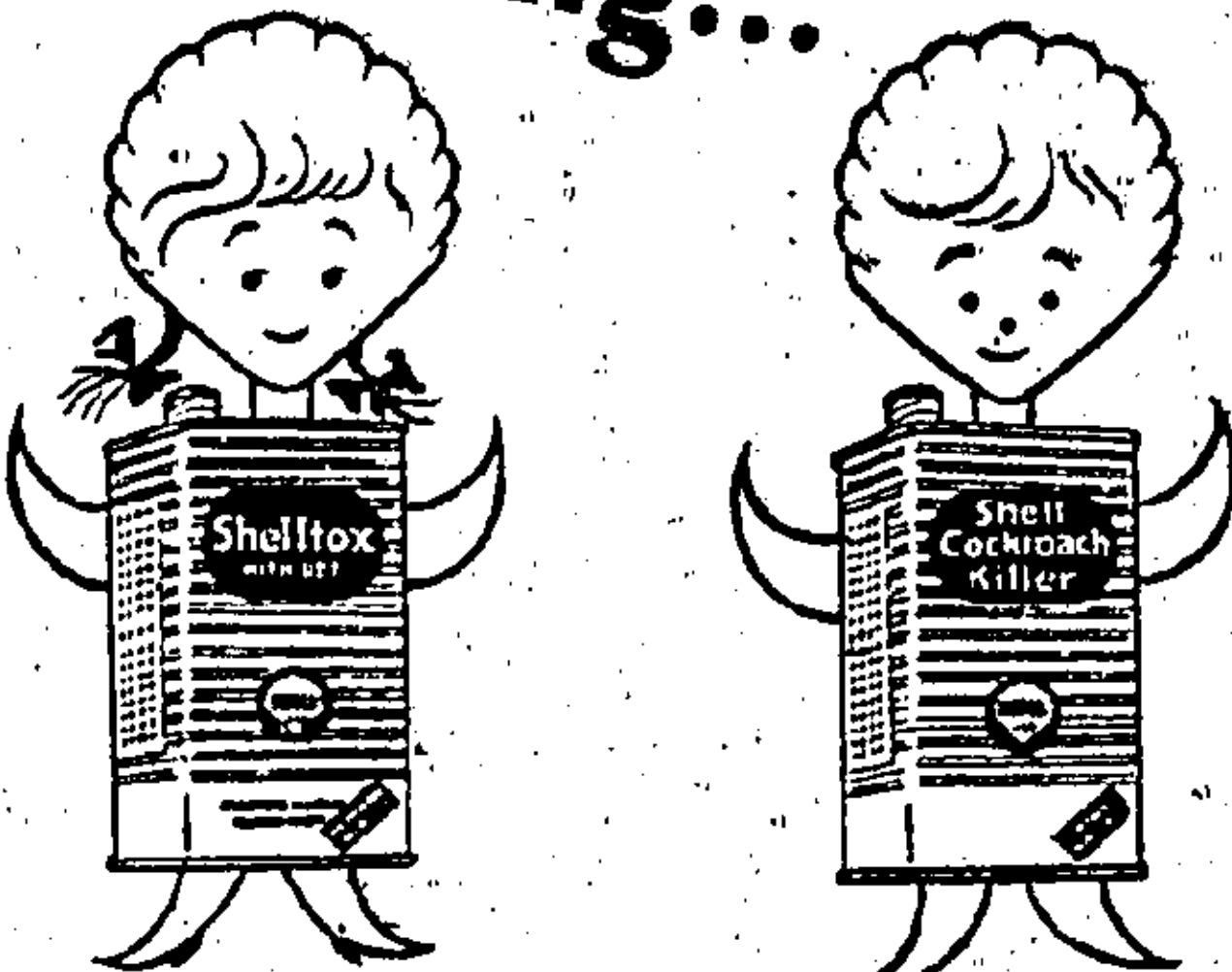
child inherited, how much to his need of medical care, how much to the influence of those who care for him and the general environment, one can't easily ascertain.

We can't do anything now about what he might have inherited. What we can do is provide him with proper medical care and control our ways with him and, also, his general environment.

We can work on ourselves and other persons in the family to help him get more rest and relaxation, to speak in a calm, soothing voice, and to quit making the child aware of our nervousness.

We can work on ourselves and other persons in the family to help him get more rest and relaxation, to speak in a calm, soothing voice, and to quit making the child aware of our nervousness.

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ELECTION ROYAL ACADEMY

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Tory or Socialist? How Britain Decides

THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY TODAY

By ROBERT MACKENZIE

THERE was one extraordinary omission from the tributes paid to Sir Winston Churchill on his retirement: no one mentioned that he had presided over the most important reorganisation of the Conservative Party which has occurred in this century. He inherited in 1940 a political organisation that was intellectually slothful and devoid of inspiration. He handed to his political heir a lean and virile party that might fairly be described as the most competent and enlightened right-wing party in the world.

This is not to say that the Conservatives will inevitably win this election. In one sense, they are fighting an uphill battle. It is too easily forgotten that they won fewer votes than Labour in each of the past three elections. Only the vagaries of the electoral system gave them a bare majority of seats in 1951; and no ruling party in almost a century has increased its seat strength when it went to the country.

More than that it must be remembered that Labour has by far the largest reservoir of potential voting support. By any definition, the working-classes constitute 60-70 percent of the British population. The most striking achievement of post-war British politics is not the Labour victory (with less than half the popular vote) in 1945; it is the Conservative revival of 1950 and 1951. There is no obvious reason why Labour should not have as secure a hold on office here as the Socialists have in Sweden.

LORD WOOLTON

The crucial years for the Conservatives were the years in the wilderness during 1945-50. Had the party marked time or sulked in its tents its ruin would have been complete. But after the party's great defeat in 1945, Churchill made two vitally important appointments in naming Lord Woolton Chairman of the Party Organisation, and R. A. Butler to head the party's research and policy activities.

Both these appointments were the sole prerogative of the leader of the party, and the man Churchill chose and the tactics he gave them probably did more than anything else to save the fortunes of the party.

The avuncular Lord Woolton is so easily caricatured that the importance of his contribution to British politics has been consistently underrated. In fact his

In this, the first of three special articles on the General Election, Robert Mackenzie, well-known to BBC listeners for his interviews with politicians and impartial comment on political events, and author of the widely acclaimed book, "British Political Parties," published in January, discusses the condition of the Conservative Party today. In his second article next week Mr Mackenzie will discuss the Labour Party, and in his final article on the eve of polling he will review the current attitude of the British electorate and what makes people vote as they do.

Contribution to the Conservative renaissance is almost as important as Arthur Henderson's work in reconstructing the Labour Party after the First World War.

In a great recruiting drive Lord Woolton increased the membership of the Conservative mass organisation (the National Union) to almost three million. He reorganised Conservative finance in order to reduce the party's dependence on a few hundred wealthy men and to force the mass membership of the party to accept greater responsibility for raising political funds. He put a stop to the system whereby rich candidates could very nearly buy safe seats by offering to pay the election and other expenses of the constituency parties. (A Conservative candidate is now permitted to pay no more than £25 a year to his constituency's funds, an M.P. no more than £50).

WELFARE STATE

Lord Woolton also stimulated the recruitment of young people into the party, and the Conservatives now claim to have the largest youth movement of any democratic political organisation in the world.

Yet a thriving party organisation would have been useless without an up-to-date and progressive policy. The first impulse of the Conservatives when they were cast into outer darkness in 1945 might have been to fight the "Labour revolution," just as the Conservative Declaration of 1904 did. But in the years 1909-11, A. J. Balfour, the Conservative leader of that day, tried to prevent them from doing so, during the struggle over the Parliament Act, but they rejected his advice and he quit despite the fact that Churchill after 1945 assigned the task of remodelling Conservative social policy to R. A. Butler, perhaps the one man above all others in the party who clearly understood that the Conservatives must at all costs avoid the fate of the Bourbon kings of France. The Conservatives, Butler realised, had to learn much and forget much. They had to accept the fact that the British electorate had set its face against the insecurity of the inter-war years, and that the Welfare State was therefore here to stay. They had to forget many of their old shibboleths of yesterday about Labour's unfitness to govern and the alleged ineptitude of the trade union political levy.

Butler was aided by a powerful team of "back-room boys," some of whom, like Iain Macleod and Reginald Maudling, are now rising stars in the Conservative Government. While Sir Winston himself painted on the broader canvas of international politics, the avuncular Lord Woolton steadily underlined in fact his

contribution to the Conservative renaissance is almost as important as Arthur Henderson's work in reconstructing the Labour Party after the First World War.

ments' crisis, "and the public seems almost unaware that no headway at all has been made in building up the gold and dollar reserves since the Conservatives took office.

If the Conservatives win the election, several question marks will hang over the future of the party. There is as yet no way of knowing whether Sir Anthony Eden will prove a successful Prime Minister and party leader. We had become so accustomed to Sir Winston Churchill's Olympian ascendancy over the party that we may have been inclined to forget that the Conservatives are not an easy party to lead.

Eden might find himself, like Baldwin, plagued by dissent and rebellion, especially if his government finds itself in economic difficulties requiring stern measures for their solution. Paradoxically, Eden's difficulties might be greater if the Conservatives were to win a sweeping victory rather than a narrow victory. Eden and the moderates now in command of the party are likely to have less trouble with their followers if they face a powerful Labour opposition across the floor of the House.

RAZOR'S EDGE

The electorate, presumably by accident rather than design, has kept both parties hovering on a razor's edge of uncertainty since 1950. This has strengthened the hand of the moderates in both parties who could warn their extremist followers that at all costs they must not frighten that elusive creature, the floating voter. But a really decisive victory for either side would almost certainly change the temper of British politics; it would have the effect of shattering the wide area of agreement between the two Front Benches which has come to be known as Butskellism.

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NEWELL ROGERS REPORTING AMERICA

AND PEACE COMES TO PUMPKIN BUTTES

SHOOTING WAR

A between cattle ranchers and uranium prospectors has been called off. What saved the situation was a Government decision to postpone, indefinitely, the claim-staking of public land by the prospectors.

Sixty-five thousand acres in the Pumpkin Buttes area of Wyoming were involved, and 2,000 pistol-packing prospectors were ready for a May 8 rush.

The cattlemen took the bump in a mighty lough. It looked like a revival of the range wars of the nineties. State Governor Milward L. Simpson said a lot of gun-carrying had been reported. The area was a "no-man's-land," Secretary of the Interior Douglas McKay, who has directed Wyoming, he said, "Reports that have reached me

have made it clear that additional time is necessary to fully inform both private landowners and prospectors as to their rights in the area."

The Lansing State Journal of Michigan celebrated its 100th birthday with an edition of 336 pages, weighing nearly 8 lb.

A FURRIER, who leads milk cows and calves to the Broadway and Hollywood girls, so they can strut before the television screens each week, says: "You'd be surprised at what I find in the pockets afterwards."

I collect an amazing number of addresses and telephone numbers in a year."

HENRY FORD II has announced that this Ford Motor Company will spend \$222 million on modernisation in the next three years.

AFTER POLIO -WHAT?

By LES ARMOUR

WHATEVER the results of investigation into some of the Salk vaccines used to fight polio in the United States, British researchers are convinced that the basic polio problem has been licked.

What they're worrying about now — and worrying seriously about — is what's going to happen when polio is beaten.

Virologists — the men who deal with viruses, the minute organisms which produce polio, flu, the common cold, small pox, yellow fever and a host of other diseases — are convinced that after polio there will be something else.

And the British Medical Research Council and other researchers at British hospitals and biological research stations are working quietly but steadily on cracking the problem.

One researcher said: "The history of virus diseases leaves us convinced that the virus is the most mutable of all organisms, and that new and deadly varieties are almost sure to arise."

Mutability means capable of developing new species. And viruses, it seems, are capable of switching form and tactics with deadly speed.

REAL PROBLEM

The real problem in licking polio, they point out, was the production of a "killed virus vaccine" — a vaccine which would build up bodily resistance by presenting the body with dead virus. Live virus injections, once thought a possibility, were never employed because of the danger that the vaccine virus might develop rapidly and produce the disease instead of its antidote.

Now that Dr Jonas Salk has produced the "killed virus vaccine" scientists are convinced that even should temporary hitches develop, there is no theoretical problem standing in the way of beating polio.

One possibility for a "successor" to polio is Bornholm disease (so called because it was first isolated on the Danish island of Bornholm), which produces many of the symptoms of polio without polio's paralytic effects.

It is thought to be produced by a virus only slightly different from the polio virus — a virus which might multiply rapidly where polio had been eradicated.

JUST AS DEADLY

But it could be just as deadly. It attacks the muscles, and it has been known to attack the heart muscles. One investigator said: "I can envisage such an epidemic sweeping Europe, with fatalities wherever the virus got to the heart muscles."

So far, the disease has appeared only sporadically. But no one knows where or when it might break out.

The history of polio itself, say the investigators, is enough to prompt serious thought.

It was unknown until the 1880's when it suddenly hit

Sweden. Thereafter, it spread rapidly around the civilised world.

The reason was not necessarily that the virus was something new. More likely it was the result of modern hygiene — and polio has seemed to follow closely the progress of modern hygiene.

Under the old conditions nearly everyone became immune to the polio virus at an early age through contact with it. Once hygiene had stamped out the conditions under which it thrived, whole communities with no immunity could be attacked where the virus got a hold on a single individual.

In short, man is far from through with viruses.

COULD BE DEADLY

Another strong possibility is that where human beings are made immune to viruses which normally attack humans, there is an open field for viruses from animals.

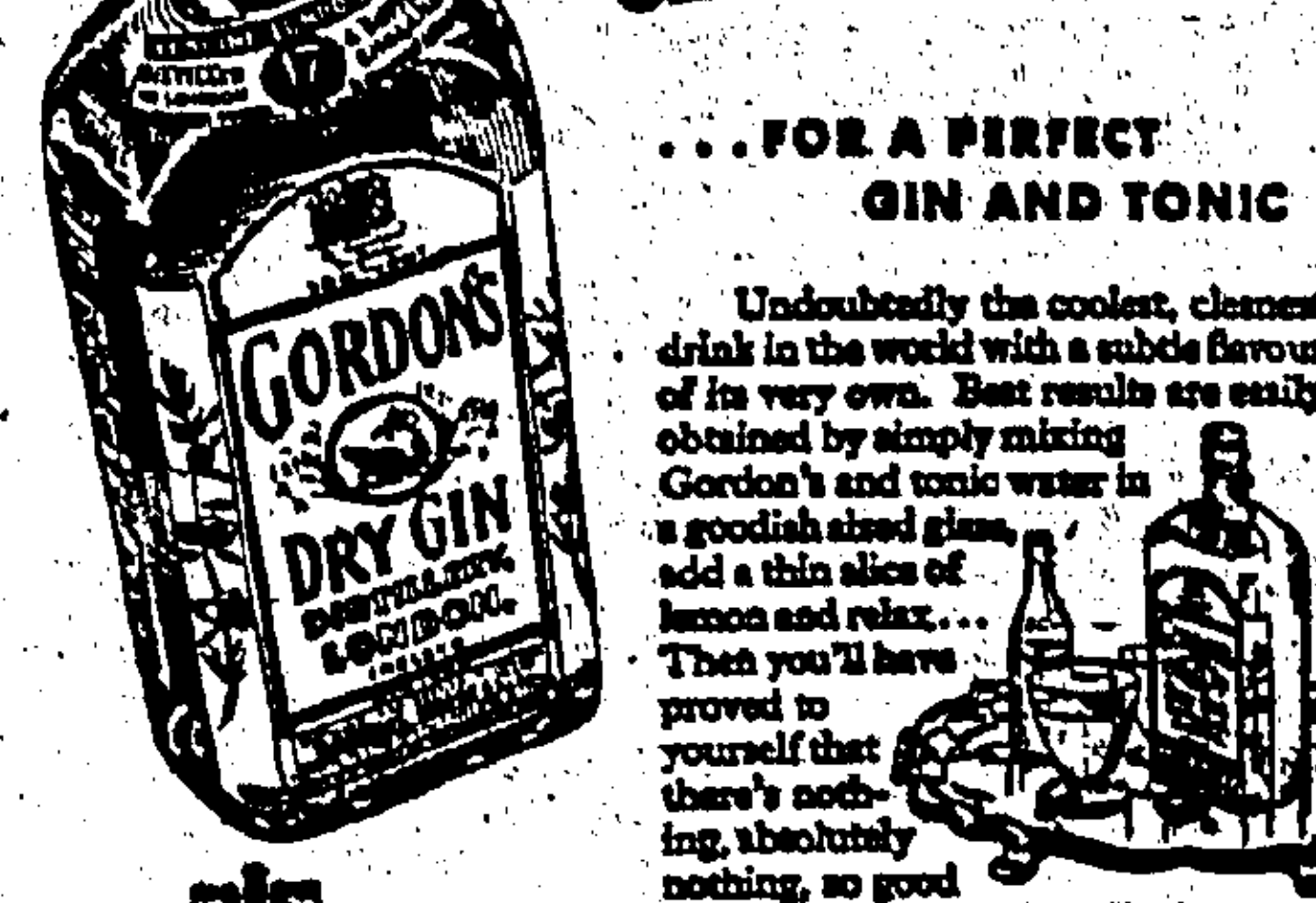
Researchers, for instance, cite the case in 1933 when an epidemic of a wholly new type of encephalitis struck St. Louis. It was traced down later to a virus common to birds. The virus was unharmed by it. But to humans, it could be deadly.

One real problem is the nature of the virus itself. The current theory is that the virus is a backward evolution from bacteria: an organism stripped down to the bare minimum so that it is often nearly unrecognisable, capable of surviving only on the tissue of a host organism, and multiplies at a fantastic rate.

The virus is so small that it cannot be seen — except as an almost unrecognisable dot — even under the most highly powered microscope. The reason is that it is actually smaller than the distance between ordinary light rays.

It can only be detected by instruments more sensitive than light-using microscopes (instruments of the kind used to detect the structure of the atom).

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POCKET CARTOON
by OSBERT LANCASTER

"Why, isn't that nice, Mr. Filch?"
"Men may come and men may go, but I go on forever!"

PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT
PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

POOR OLD PAPA It has been said that the measure of a nation's degree of civilisation is the manner in which it looks after its weak and its womenfolk.

With a national health service second to none in the world, Britons have been able to feel that as civilised folks they rate pretty high.

Nowhere else, for instance, is so much care and attention lavished on the mother-to-be regardless of her means or social status.

But this week someone discovered a major flaw in this otherwise happy picture. Dr Stanley Coleman drew the attention of the nation's women public health officers to a regret-

table omission—no provision had been made for Britain's expectant fathers.

The doctor did not say so in as many words, but he definitely left the impression that as a race expectant fathers were erratic, neurotic, ill-informed, panicky lot and that it was high time something was done about them.

He categorised them in classes ranging from the sort who can't stand the strain and have to find consolation in beer and sympathetic male companionship to the type who attend wives with a sickening uxoriousness and just make a confounded nuisance of themselves.

The doctor, who is medical officer for East Ham, urged that local health officers should take upon themselves the "onerous task" of providing ante-natal instruction for expectant fathers.

TWAIN MEET Chinese Reds are reading Mark Twain, announced culture officials, was a near-favourite among 130 books of American contemporary and classical writers issued in China in the last few years.

The others: Theodore Dreiser, Jack London, Walt Whitman, Longfellow, Howard Fast and Albert Maltz.

On to the bookstalls went 500 new titles by modern and classical authors—a new 12-volume series of Shakespeare, books by Dickens, Milton, Fielding, Hardy, Byron, Shelley and Bernard Shaw.

And Hans Andersen's fairy tales.

what Celler had just been saying.

"How is it done?" asked the chairman. Said Spindel: "I'll tell you in private session."

LIQUOR RIVER The Cornish River Elu flowed hard liquor last week—and it was just a bit too strong for the fish and the swans to stomach. Through ten alcoholic days 35,000 gallons of mead—a strong brew made from honey—was poured into the small river. The brew had gone bad and the mead-makers had gone broke.

As customs officers watched to see ALL the brew went down the river, sixty rats of the kind favoured by night-cap of the ancient Britons—were emptied, one by one.

But the River Elu wasn't a big enough river to dilute the mead much. The trout for which the river was noted, have died deep and deep and disappeared. So have the other fish, except for a few tiddly tiddlers.

For their own good ducks have been kept to the river banks ever since a swan was seen zigzagging his way happily down to the sea.

FUTURE STRETCH Rubber, enthusiastically announced the magazine Plantar, has a big future in movies. Rubber had already played the parts of: A mermaid's tail—in "Miranda," a whale—in "Moby Dick."

But that wasn't all. "Rubber," said the magazine, official journal of the Incorporated Society of Planters, "can appear like living flesh, which makes it very useful for film-making. Rubber deceives the eye to help stretch the imagination."

WIRE-TAP WONDER Private detective Bernard Spindel, a heavily built young man with a punch, has fooled his critics by showing how he could tap a telephone while it is still in its cradle, which people said could not be done.

Thirty-three-year-old Spindel is one new type of "private eyes" who have not been popularised by writers like Raymond Chandler. He is an electronics expert, and calls himself the "Lone Wolf wire-tapper." He is probably America's leading expert in his line.

His leading expert in his line, he was called in to help a Congressional judiciary committee to make up its mind about now bills which would outlaw wire-tapping as an invasion of privacy—even when used to trap spies, traitors and kidnappers.

From his New York office, Spindel produced an impressive array of recorders and microphones.

Committee chairman, Congressman Emanuel Celler, got his first surprise when Spindel told him he had just tapped the telephone at his elbow. Celler had not used it. But Spindel pressed a button and the Committee heard a play-back of

ANCIENT SURGERY Scientists have proof that ancient Britons developed surgery to a high degree nearly 1500 years ago. The first leg bone of a Saxon man who lived between 500 and 700 A.D. found at Gillingham, recently shows it had been fractured and mended as well as modern surgeons could manage it.

Said Dr C. P. B. Wells: "I have a most skilfully mended fracture which could only have been performed under an anaesthetic."

The anaesthetic? Either a strong dose of mead or some kind of narcotic made from plants.

COMES THE DAXEKE They call it a daxeke and they believe it will make a good house-dog. It is a cross between a dachshund and a peacock, more cuddly than the former and stronger than the peke.

The breeders are Mr and Mrs W. H. Armitage of the Ball Inn, Shipston-on-Stour, Warwickshire, and they believe the daxeke combines the best features of both breeds.

Divorce as usual
in A-bomb town

THE MAN IN THE THICK LEAD SUIT By Daniel Lang. Gallanx. 13s. 6d. 207 pages.

SOMETIMES in early morning moments at Las Vegas a brilliance many times brighter than the sun obliterates for a second the pageant of the Nevada dawn. Far from being alarmed or awe-struck by this phenomenon any Las Vegas who may be awake consult their watches, and at a leisurely pace go to open doors and windows.

In just seven minutes, the atomic shock wave will arrive and if windows and doors are open less glass will be shattered, less woodwork split.

Proving station

Las Vegas has learned that much since the first ugly rumour arrived in 1950 that the United States Government was about to establish a proving station for nuclear weapons at Yucca Flat near by.

Until that moment, Las Vegas had looked forward with confidence to a future of growing prosperity as a divorce resort that was beginning to challenge Reno and as a gambling capital that was drawing the big-money movie players.

Notices outside the town's chapels uttered their message of hope to the unwearying: "Organ—Music—Flowers—Photographs—Immediately!" while a non-stop air service brought the 10,000-dollar gamblers down from Los Angeles.

Chill shadow

The prospect of the atomic proving station cast a chilling shadow over all this scene. The tourists would be frightened off. Divorce business would go elsewhere. The croppers feared that the roulette balls might bounce unnoticed from one number into another at the atomic blast. Notices were posted announcing that in such an event the ruling of the house would be final.

But as things have turned out, Las Vegas has taken nuclear detonations in its stride.

● LAS VEGAS believed the nearby atom tests would frighten off their profitable stream of would-be divorcees. Instead, the big bangs brought on a boom.



NEW
BOOK
REVIEW

By GEORGE
MALCOLM THOMSON

After one of them a local store put out a barrel of broken glass—Atomic bomb souvenirs. That was in the early days.

The tourist business has been swelled by hordes drawn to the town by macabre curiosity. One visitor bought two shirts in a haberdashery shop—hair-locks for her grandsons from Las Vegas before it was wiped off the face of the earth.

The divorce public has stayed faithful. And the worst disaster in gaming industry followed an atomic flash after which the pot in a crap game was found to be short by 20 dollars.

After the third series of explosions Las Vegas began to feel casual about the atomic age. Complaints that the shocks were not up to expectation led one old fisherman to telephone a consoling message to the Atomic Energy Commission: "The shock wave came in nice and strong at Lake Mead."

"It annoys me," says a local divorce lawyer, "to read that the world is living with the A-bomb. Damn it, it's not the world! It's Las Vegas."

It is a pardonable mistake in Las Vegas. But the chief impression carried away by the reader of Daniel Lang's engaging book is that of the widely stretching and highly various consequences of the atomic age.

The big bang at Yucca Flat is heard at Kallispell, Montana, 1,000 miles away. Dr Follard,

executive director of Oak Ridge Institute of Nuclear Studies, Tennessee, is ordained deacon in the Episcopal Church—and winces at the suggestion that troubled conscience had some part in his spiritual evolution.

The luckiest man in America is the miner who finds two mineralised trees in which uranium had replaced the vegetable tissues, worth a quarter of a million dollars. And the unluckiest woman?

Consider the plight of Mrs W. R. Grace (of a wealthy shipping family) whose 1,000-acre hunting preserve was acquired for an H-bomb site. "The hydrogen bomb hasn't been the only surprise. This last winter we had one of our coldest snaps and the camellias went. And in New York, the Ritz-Carlton's come down."

Mrs Grace is taking the atomic age right on the chin.

★
WALTER SCOTT By Hesketh Pearson. Methuen. 21s. 25s. pages.

F Walter Scott had been precise and methodical, instead of being careless and profuse, he would have been a typical Edinburgh lawyer. For he loved whisky, field sports, good talk, money. His respected titles, although on the whole, he preferred low company.

He was a snob in an age when not to be a snob was almost an affliction. If he looked up to the Duke of Buccleuch as head of his clan and to Viscount Melville as the arch-dispenser of jobs and favours in Scotland, his closest friend was an expounder, Tom Purdie.

But he was not businesslike, while loving to spend money, he hated managing it. Had he possessed the characteristic virtues of the Scottish legal mind as well as its tastes, Scott would never have been the most successful author of his age—and he would never have been ruined.

Unmanly

He was the Great Unknown, as he is today the Great Unread. While he lived it was a breach of good manners for a visitor to Scotland to refer openly to "Scott's novels." Scott seems to have thought that writing novels—unlike writing poetry—was a slightly unmanly and more than a little undignified.

Besides, it came so easily. While he fished or sat in his cosy little seclusion in the Parliament House of Edinburgh, where all he did was sign his name—which, as he pointed out, was short—for £1,600 a year of Tory government money, he was creating the characters who appear in his books.

The process of invention went on almost automatically. To make money like that was almost to obtain it by false pretences. With a genuine contempt for his own work, Scott said: "I don't care a curse what I write or what becomes of it."

Once an old school fellow confessed that he had claimed to be the author of a Waverley novel, and offered the only suitable reparation—a duel. Scott said: "Claim the lot if you like! His friend never spoke to him after that."

If he was sensitive about his authorship, he was even more sensitive over another fact: he was the hidden partner of his printers. He backed their credit with his own; they provided cash which he used to make himself a landed gentleman.

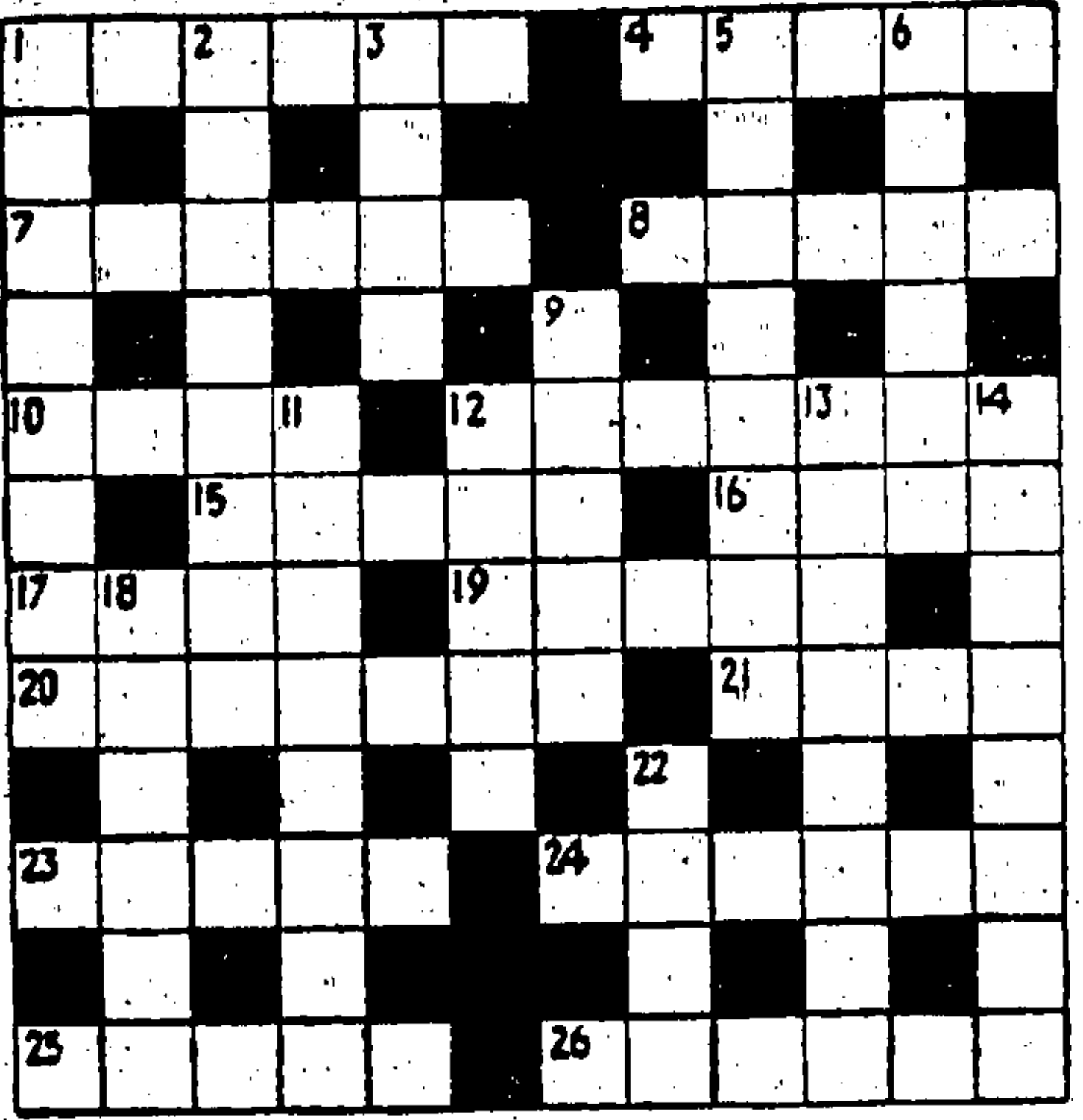
Went bankrupt

He bought a property on the banks of the Tweed with a pleasant little house. It was called Clarty (L.A. dir). He tore down the little house and built himself a vast, bogus castle, the Laird of Clarty Rida, became the Baronet of Abbotsford.

He enjoyed himself enormously, pouring out money on the project until one day, in 1825 there was a financial panic on the London market. His business associates, who had been imprudent, went smoothly bankrupt. Scott decided to pay in full—£116,000 of debt, with accumulating interest.

In writing the life of the estimable genius, Hesketh Pearson is happily not concerned with the man that he was. Today it is not Scott the wizard of the North, but Scott the man of broad sympathies and narrow opinions, slightly eccentric (The Scots peasant was never far from the elbow of his Edinburgh lawyer), indifferently successful, the humble, endearing comic personality who makes the greater appeal.

A British Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS

- 1 Safe (6).
- 4 Month (5).
- 7 Hanging around (6).
- 8 Get up (5).
- 10 Successful stroke (4).
- 12 Take the chair (7).
- 15 Sword (5).
- 16 Detail (4).
- 17 Uniform (4).
- 19 Join (5).
- 20 Swell (7).
- 21 Ireland (4).
- 22 Precipitous (5).
- 24 Hurry (8).
- 25 Diver (5).
- 26 Interfere (8).

DOWN

- 1 Chose (8).
- 2 Muddles (8).
- 3 Regretted (4).
- 5 Hanger-on (8).
- 6 Within (6).
- 9 Tendency (5).
- 11 Leopards (8).
- 12 Dried plum (5).
- 13 Repeated (8).
- 14 Fame (8).
- 16 Prey (8).
- 22 Wise (4).

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD—Across: 3 Molasses, 8 Eastern, 9 Regiment, 11 Attained, 12 Idol, 13 Debut, 18 Dost, 19 Aye, 22 Headline, 24 Disodge, 25 Erect, 26 Needless. Down: 1 Dekar, 2 State, 3 Merited, 4 Omen, 5 Avid, 6 Steady, 7 Settle, 10 Genius, 14 Bored, 15 Tenders, 16 Harden, 17 Pursue, 20 Ditch, 21 Tense, 22 Howl, 23 Ages.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

If Looks Could Kill

BY HARRY WEINERT



THE SUGGESTION THAT THE DEAD CIGAR BUTT BE SACRIFICED FOR THE SAKE OF PUBLIC HEALTH.



ONE WAY TO TELL IF A STORY WILL GO OVER IS TO TELL IT.



IT IS DISCOURAGING WHEN YOU TRY TO BE FRIENDLY TO GET NOTHING BUT SNIFFS AND A LETHAL LOOK.



WE INSIST YOU STAY FOR DINNER! WE CAN ALWAYS WHIP UP SOMETHING!

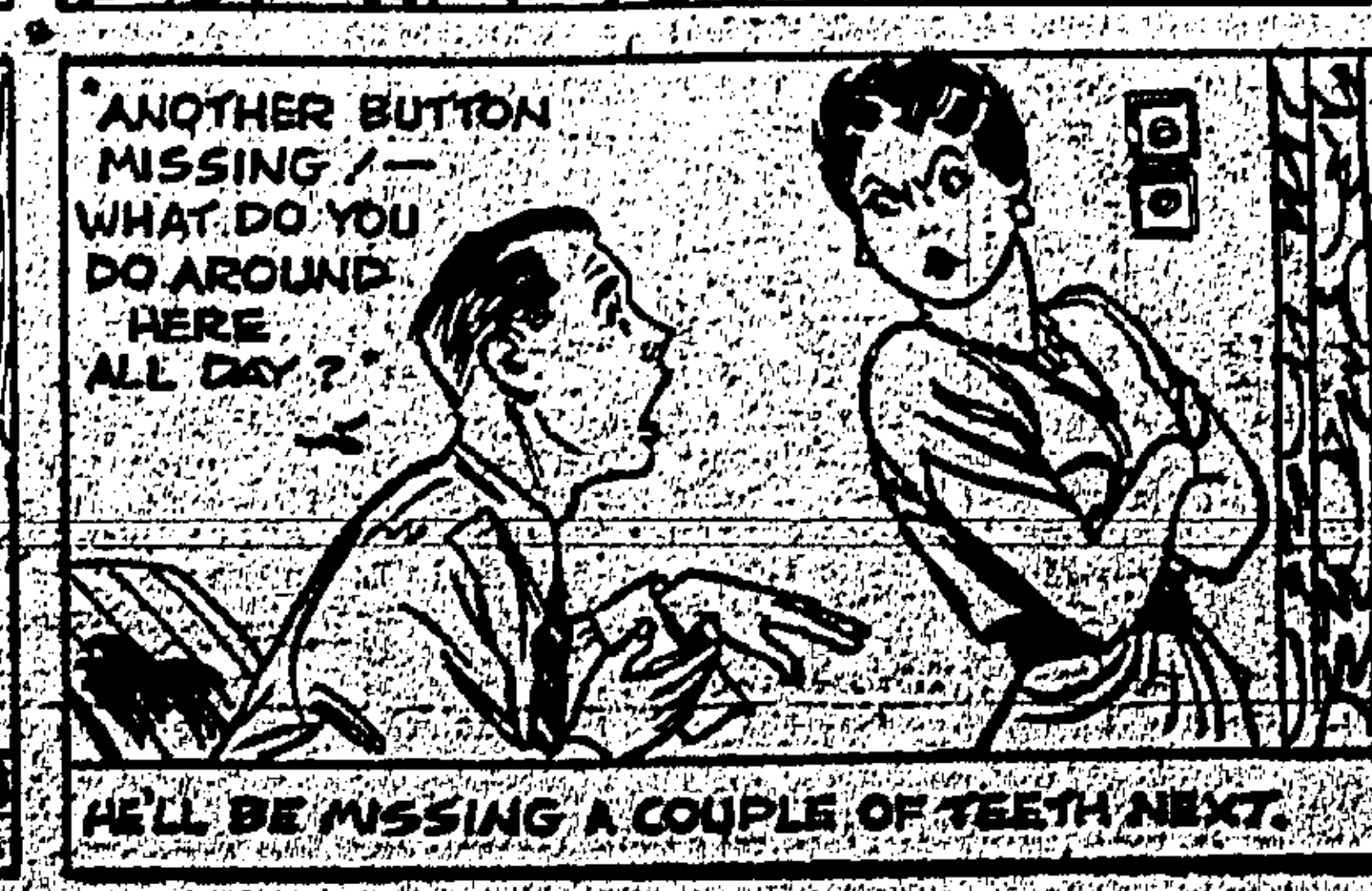
OF COURSE I KNOW WHAT TIME IT IS!



IT WAS HER GREAT-GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S CHAIR UNTIL HE SAT ON IT.



TAKE ANYTHING YOU LIKE, THAT'S HOW HE GOT 'EM!



ANOTHER BUTTON MISSING!—WHAT DO YOU DO AROUND HERE ALL DAY?

HE'LL BE MISSING A COUPLE OF TEETH NEXT.

Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail - A "China Mail" Feature

Weekly News Magazine Starts Tonight

Cockell-Marciano Fight Broadcast On Tuesday

"This Week" is the title of a new weekly magazine programme which Radio Hongkong will present every Saturday at 7.30 p.m. It will bring listeners news, reports and interviews on some of the week's events, in and out of Hongkong.

Some of the items will be recorded in the studios during the week, whilst others will be accounts made 'on the spot'. For instance, Timothy Birch went out to So Kung Wat on Wednesday and talked to two officers of the 24th Field Regiment, Royal Engineers, who were responsible for building the Bailey bridge across a 20-foot wide chasm which appeared on the Castle Peak Road during Tuesday's downpour.

Also in the programme is an interview with Mr. H. A. Angus, MBE, Director of Commerce and Industry, on the Hongkong stand at the British Industries Fair.

Rudolf Friml talks about his latest compositions, and Derek Bromhall, Chief Scientific Officer of the Fisheries Research Unit, Hongkong University, describes the Manila Ray caught last Saturday. "This Week" is compiled by Donald Brooks.

BOXING

When Don Cockell meets Rocky Marciano in San Francisco on Monday, he will be the first British boxer since Tommy Farr to challenge for the World Heavyweight Championship.

An edited commentary by Edmund Andrews, from the BBC, can be heard by listeners to Radio Hongkong at half past eight on Tuesday evening on the World Heavyweight Championship between Rocky Marciano (USA), the holder, and Don Cockell (Great Britain), the British and British Empire Champion.

RUDOLF FRIML

The world famous composer and pianist, Rudolf Friml, who is at present in Hongkong on a protracted vacation, will be in the Concert Hall of Radio Hongkong on Friday evening at a quarter past eight to play for listeners some of his own compositions. As already mentioned above, he can also be heard this evening in the programme "This Week" in which he will talk to Allen Woods about himself and his music.

RECIPE

Mary Richardson, one of the most accomplished pianists at present in the Colony, will give another piano recital from the Concert Hall of Radio Hongkong on Wednesday evening. Her programme is a very varied one, and includes Chopin's Polonaise in A Major, Cesar Franck's Prelude, Choral and Fugue, and in a May Movement by John Ireland. The programme can be heard at 9 p.m. on Wednesday.

ELECTION APPEALS

There will be more election appeals this week, and they will be broadcast at nine minutes past eight on the following days:

Saturday, Philip Fogthill - Liberal Party;
Sunday, Edith Pitt, OBE, MP - Conservative Party;
Tuesday, the Rt. Hon. Herbert Morrison, CH - Labour;
Wednesday, Margaret Herbyson, MP - Labour Party;
Thursday, the Rt. Hon. Selwyn Lloyd, - Conservative Party.

POLICE BAND

On Tuesday evening, at three minutes past six, listeners can hear a concert by the Band of the Hongkong Police, by kind permission of Mr. A. C. Maxwell, Commissioner of Police. The band will be under the direction of Mr. W. B. Foster, ARCM.

VARIETY

Two variety artists who were in the Colony for a short time recently are Joe Elboz and Trevor Jones. While they were here, they recorded a programme of "Musical Moments" which will be on the air at half past eight on Wednesday evening.

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 860 kilocycles per second and on 2940 kilocycles, 76.14 metres.)

Today

1.00 TIME SIGNAL AND OPENING MARCH.
1.05 LIGHT MUSIC.
1.10 TOP OF THE MORNING.
1.15 WEATHER REPORT.
1.20 NEWS.
1.25 WEATHER REPORT.

Sunday

10.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL. PROGRAMME SUMMARY. NEWS. WEATHER REPORT. SPORTS RESULTS. MORNING MELODY. Charles Shawcross and his Orchestra. RELAY OF THE CELEBRATION OF MASS FROM ST. JOSEPH'S, THE REV. FATHER C. B. B. FRANCISCA (VIOLIN) WITH PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT. MORNING PRIMER. 11.30 a.m. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS. MUSIC IN THE AIR. 12.00 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY. NEWS. WEATHER REPORT. SPORTS RESULTS. LUNCHTIME MUSIC. 1.00 p.m. OLD TIME BALLROOM. With Sydney Thompson and his Orchestra. 2.00 p.m. BENNY GOODMAN PRESENTS F. L. C. & E. HENDERSON. 3.00 p.m. AFTERNOON CONCERT. FORCES PROGRAMMES. 4.00 p.m. LIGHT MUSIC. 5.00 p.m. WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS. 6.00 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY. NEWS. WEATHER REPORT. SPORTS RESULTS. 7.00 p.m. MUSIC IN THE AIR. 8.00 p.m. WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS. 9.00 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY. NEWS. WEATHER REPORT. SPORTS RESULTS. 10.00 p.m. MUSIC IN THE AIR. 11.00 p.m. WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS. 12.00 a.m. CLOSE DOWN.

Monday

7.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL AND OPENING MARCH. 7.05 LIGHT MUSIC. 7.10 TOP OF THE MORNING. 7.15 WEATHER REPORT. 7.20 NEWS. 7.25 WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS. 8.00 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY. NEWS. WEATHER REPORT. SPORTS RESULTS. 9.00 p.m. MUSIC IN THE AIR. 10.00 p.m. WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS. 11.00 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY. NEWS. WEATHER REPORT. SPORTS RESULTS. 12.00 a.m. CLOSE DOWN.

Tuesday

7.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL AND OPENING MARCH. 7.05 LIGHT MUSIC. 7.10 TOP OF THE MORNING. 7.15 WEATHER REPORT. 7.20 NEWS. 7.25 WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS. 8.00 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY. NEWS. WEATHER REPORT. SPORTS RESULTS. 9.00 p.m. MUSIC IN THE AIR. 10.00 p.m. WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS. 11.00 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY. NEWS. WEATHER REPORT. SPORTS RESULTS. 12.00 a.m. CLOSE DOWN.

Wednesday

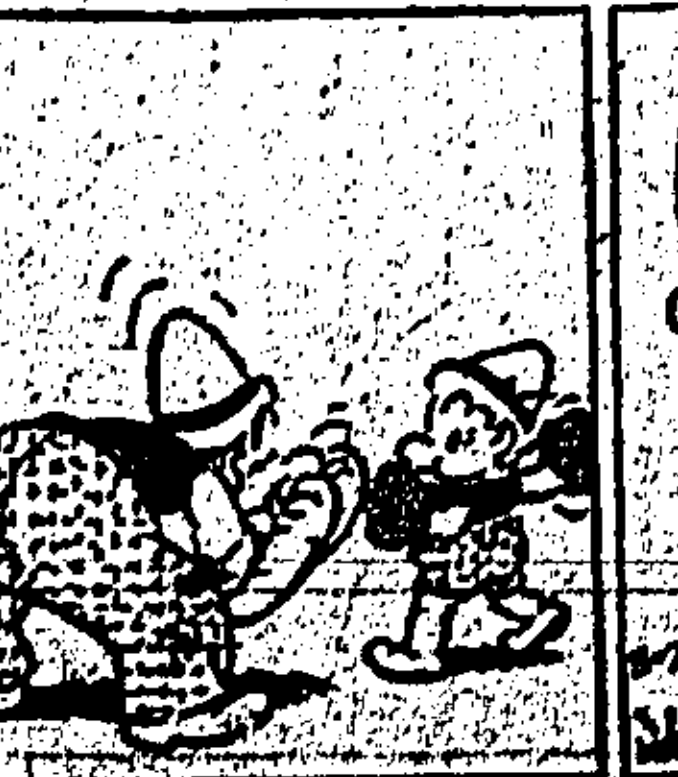
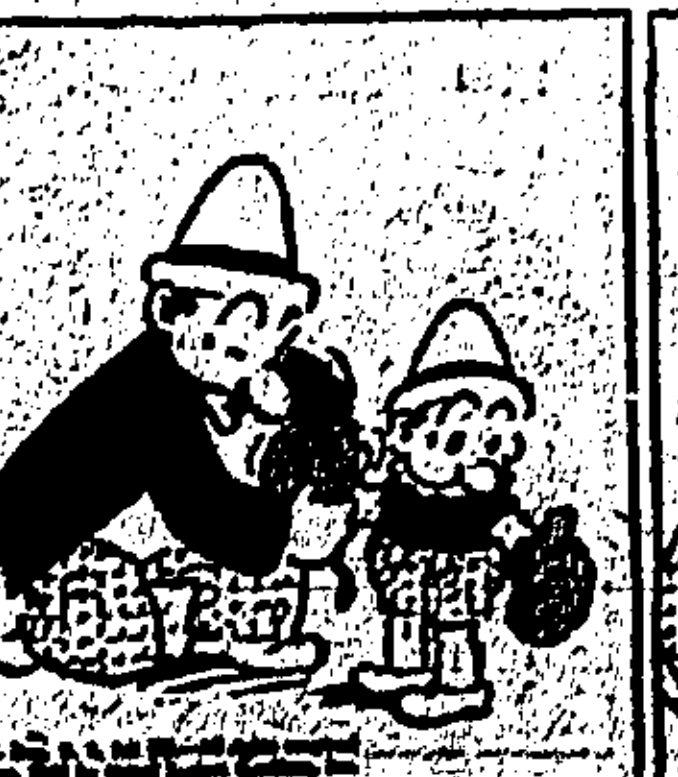
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BBC Overseas Shortwave Programmes

(6.30 p.m. to 12.15 a.m. on 15.070 Mc/s, 19.91m and on 17.715 Mc/s, 16.93m)

SATURDAY, MAY 14
7.30 p.m. "THE SHOW GOES ON". A high-speed entertainment from the world of music.
8.00 p.m. COMMENTARY.
8.15 p.m. THE DEBATE CONTINUES.
8.30 p.m. FROM THE WEEKLIES.
8.45 p.m. THE SOUTH AFRICAN SOUTH AFRICAN MAGAZINE.
9.00 p.m. HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
9.15 p.m. LISTENERS' CHOICE.
9.30 p.m. RADIO NEWZEEL.
9.45 p.m. A SONG FOR EVERYONE.
10.00 p.m. CHORUS.
10.15 p.m. NOTTINGHAMSHIRE & THE SOUTH AFRICAN.
10.30 p.m. FROM THE EDITORIALS.
10.45 p.m. IN TOWN TONIGHT.
11.00 p.m. SPORTS ROUND-UP.
11.15 p.m. DR. BILLY GRAHAM.
11.30 p.m. THE NEWS.
11.45 p.m. JOURNALS INTO MELODY.
12.00 a.m. THE NEWS.
12.15 p.m. ENGLISH MAGAZINE.
12.30 a.m. JOURNALS INTO MELODY.
12.45 p.m. HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
1.00 a.m. PETER AND THE WOLF.
1.15 p.m. BIG BEN RADIO NEWZEEL.
1.30 p.m. CONCERTO.
1.45 p.m. G. O. P. 56.
2.00 p.m. Concerto by Tchaikovsky played by Franz Reizenstein and his Orchestra.
2.15 p.m. BIG BEN RADIO NEWZEEL.
2.30 p.m. FROM THE EDITORIALS.
2.45 p.m. COLLECTOR'S PIECES.
3.00 p.m. SPORTS ROUND-UP.
3.15 p.m. BEBE DANIELS and Ben Lyon in LIFE WITH THE LYONS.
3.30 p.m. COMMENTARY.
3.45 p.m. THE NEWS.
3.60 p.m. THE NEWS.
3.75 p.m. THE NEWS.
3.90 p.m. THE NEWS.
4.05 p.m. THE NEWS.
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12.35 a.m. THE NEWS.
12.50 a.m. THE NEWS.

FERDINAND



Moutries

PARLOPHONE RECORDS

SYLVIA (Delibes) - FAUST (Gounod)
Ballet Music by The Royal Opera House Orchestra, Covent Garden, conducted by Hugo Rignold.

IVAN THE TERRIBLE (Rimsky-Korsakov)
The London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Anatole Fistoular.

LE CID Ballet Music and Moorish Rhapsody (Massenet)
The Royal Opera House Orchestra, Covent Garden, conducted by Warwick Braithwaite.

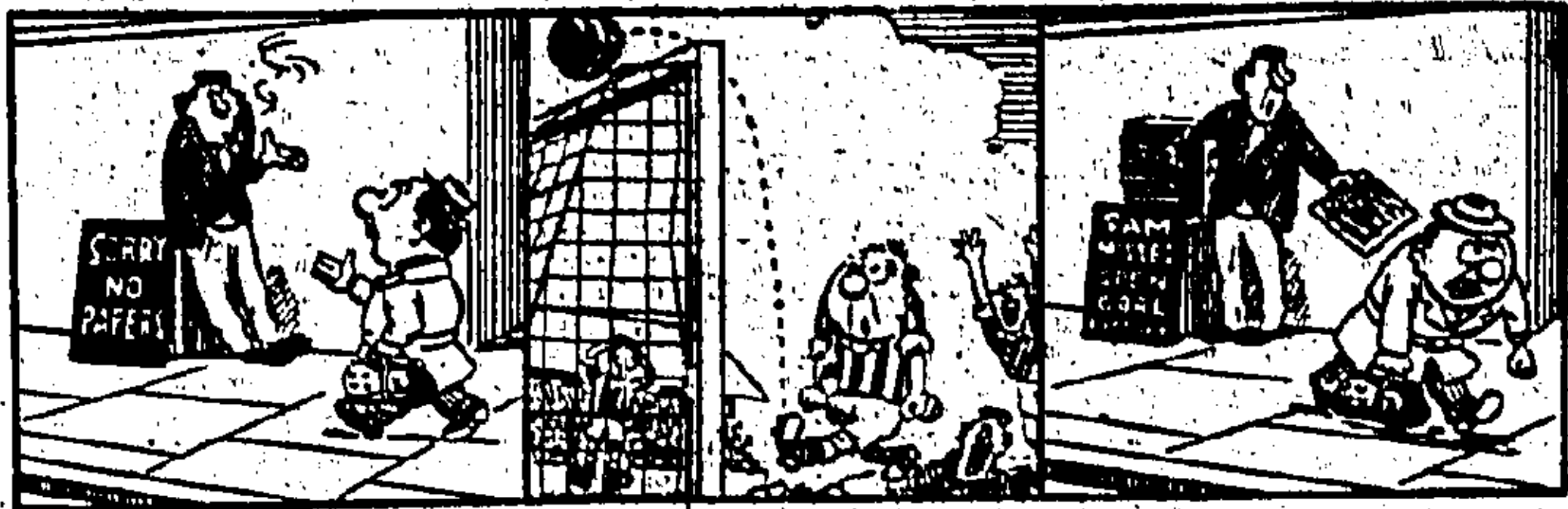
WIND SYMPHONY (Richard Strauss)
The London Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Karl Haas.

DOUBLE CONCERTO IN B FLAT MAJOR (Op. 27) - DOUBLE CONCERTO IN F MAJOR FOR TWO ORCHESTRAS (Mendel)
Orchestra of the Collegium Musicum Copenhagen, conducted by Ljovad Frisholm.

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Kowloon Showroom open all day Saturdays and Sundays.

SPORTING RAM

By Reg. Wootton



MONDAY'S BIG FIGHT

No Short-Cuts For Cockell

By GEORGE WHITING

The Heavyweight Championship of the World is such a big and glittering pot of gold that the means employed to become its possessor are not always, shall we say, highly ethical.

True, your embryo champion has to have the requisite proportions of heart, head and muscle, enough education to enable him to count up to 10, and sufficient sense to keep his big mouth shut outside of carefully prepared scripts.

But hundreds of heavyweights have discovered that these primary qualities are not in themselves a passport to World Championship status.

With the exception of English-born Bob Fitzsimmons, Canada's Tommy Burns, Germany's Max Schmeling, and Italy's Primo Carnera, the heavyweight title has been an exclusive American property since the great John L. Sullivan knocked and hammered at Jake Kilrain for 75 rounds in the last bare-knuckle championship fight at Richburg, Missouri, in 1889.

We may take it, therefore, that if anybody knows how to make Heavyweight Champions it is the Americans.

They are dollar-driven experts, and if, at times, there have been a few managerial manoeuvres some way removed from the ideals and concepts of the Marquess of Queensberry, it is none of your business. Similar stratagems have been employed in England — and bungled.

THE METHOD

The accepted method of building up is to feed your potential champion a steady diet of stiffs, stroges and stumble-bums, all labelled as "opponents," and all carefully instructed as to their exact part in the proceedings — usually confined to sustaining on the floor as convincingly as possible.

By this and similar means, you establish for your fighter a coast-to-coast reputation as a murder-maniac until such time as suncient mugs can be assembled to pay for the privilege of watching him in a real fight.

If he wins this one, you and he are swimming in what is called gravy. If he loses, he was only a bum — and an ungrateful one at that.

The intention of this preamble is to point to an exception. If Don Cockell, of Sussex, England, wins the Heavyweight Championship of the world off Rocky Marciano, of Brockton (Mass.), in San Francisco on May 16, nobody will be able to accuse him of having been assisted by soft touches, set-ups, or any other form of pugilistic subterfuge.

He has had to learn his trade the hard way, has acquired a proper apprenticeship, and has bought no help from adequately paid quitters.

BECAME CHAMPION

Cockell had won 44, drawn one and lost nine professional fights when, within a month of being laid low by arthritis, he became British Cruiserweight Champion by stopping Mark Hart in the 14th round at Harringay in October 1950.

Since then, including that occasion, he has won 18 and lost two — and it is from the switch-back nature of this period of his career that I think we may try to understand what kind of a man it is who now seeks to bring the Heavyweight Championship of the world to Britain.

In his pre-Hart days, Cockell's sole adventures against an American opponent had ended disastrously when Aaron Wilson polished him off in the sixth round, and again on points.

However, within eight months of vanquishing Hart he had more than levelled the score against Uncle Sam by means of two quick wins over Lloyd Marshall (one on a foul), the outpointing of Freddie Bashore, and a sixth-round knock-out over Nick Barone.

Add to these a successful defence of his British title against Croydon's Albert Finch, and it will be conceded that Don Cockell was very much a man of the moment at the end of 1951.

They were even talking of him fighting Joey Maxim for the world cruiserweight title.

Came Harringay, and the night of December 4.

Prince Philip is in the ring shaking hands with a line of British champions in unaccustomed dinner jackets.

Don Cockell, standing in his corner before demolishing, with a few pertentory punches, an ill-considered Virginia Negro called Jimmy Slade, also gets a Royal handshake.

Everybody, in fact, seems to be in the act except poor Slade. Suddenly, however, Prince Philip leaves the line-up, walks over to a pop-eyed Slade, shakes his hand and wishes him luck.

WORKED WONDERS

"Gee, I done shook hands with a real live Prince. I guess that puts me in the same league as the President," Slade told me later.

That handshake worked wonders with Jimmy's morale. After fewer than four rounds Cockell was lying helplessly on the ropes taking so much punishment from his cock-a-hoop opponent, that the referee felt obliged to intervene.

Ten minutes later, in the haven of the dressing-room, we received our first official confirmation of the fight troubles that some of us had long suspected were besetting Cockell.

Every mouthful of food and drink Don consumed, said manager John Simpson, run to fat, and no amount of training could stay the process.

Whatever the cause Cockell had drained himself of every fluid ounce of sap and energy to meet a weight stipulation of 12 stone 12lb. against Slade, and his next assignment was an overhaul in Hammer-smith Hospital.

Six months later came smooth words of reassurance. Cockell was now fit, we were told, and ready to go against Randolph Turpin, whom he would undoubtedly eat alive.

When I wrote a piece declaring disbelief in these blandishments half the population of Battersea wrote and told me I was "anti-Cockell."

What really happened was that Cockell had to sweat off more than three stone at his Brighton training camp.

As we all know, Turpin played with the man who now fights Marriano, turned on the heat in the eleventh round, and won as he pleased.

THE SLUMP

From the purple heights of championship purses at Harringay Cockell slumped four months later to the outer suburbs of a minor show at Streatham, where we accorded him only scant acclamation for a second-round knock-out over a fast-fading Irish Champion, Paddy Slewin.

Cockell, as a heavyweight, it seemed, was good for gas and not much else — an impression confirmed by a winning, but ugly, brawl against the lanky Yorkshire games master, Frank Bell, at the Royal Albert Hall three weeks later.

Even officialdom was affronted by this travesty of a boxing match.

Cockell, said the British Boxing Board of Control, could fight Tommy Farr in a title eliminator at Nottingham, but their inspector would be watching, and only if the winner displayed some semblance of near-championship form would he be permitted to argue dominion with the reigning champion, Johnny Williams.

CALCULATED

Cockell boxed beautifully, intelligently and with calculated venom against Farr, punched all organised resistance out of his veteran opponent in seven rounds, and has not put a foot wrong since.

In May 1953 he outpointed Williams to become British and Empire Champion, and began to repeat as a heavyweight, the embarrassment of opponents he had encountered in his early days as a cruiserweight.

Cash that once trickled, began to gush.

On the night of July 30 last year, within an hour of his smashing America's Harry Matthews to an eighth-round retirement in the summer air of Seattle, Cockell and I drank a meditative beer and watched the lights on the shore twinkle their multicoloured reflections in the Pacific.

"Nice place," I ventured. "Not bad," replied Cockell. "But those lights would not look so bright if I had lost."

San Francisco is on the same Pacific coast. I wonder what the lights will be looking like on May 16?

(London Express Service)

TOP SENIOR TEAMS CLASH IN THE LAWN BOWLS LEAGUE THIS AFTERNOON

By "TOUCHER"

After a rather tame start last week the Lawn Bowls League season warms up this afternoon when no fewer than four top senior teams will clash against each other.

At Recreation, the champion Recreation "Blues" will be hosts to the indomitable Kowloon Cricket Club twelve, and at Happy Valley an optimistic and confident Craigengower squad will take on their main rivals, Indian Recreation Club.

Daily season form may be deceptive, but the results of these two matches this afternoon, if decisive enough, will have an important bearing on the final destination of the coveted Senior Division League title.

MEMORIES

For the Recreation "Blues" bowlers match this afternoon against Kowloon Cricket Club will bring back memories of the fine fighting spirit of the Cox's Road wood-pashers who last year claimed the distinction of not only defeating the champions in the first round by 3-2, but of improving that feat in the return match with a margin of four points to one.

In that first match the rink skipped by Jimmy Wong who had Tony Lopez, C. I. Stapleton and F. K. Kermani as his front men, played a great part in the club's triumph by carrying the side with a 24-9 win over a Recreation rink skipped by Joe Luz. Jimmy and his men failed to reproduce that same brilliant form in the second game, but the other rinks, skipped by Tommy Baker and Bill Hong Sing, pulled their team through.

There have been slight changes in both teams since then, both in the composition of the teams and in the skipping department, but the relative strength seems to be about the same, with the cricketers' side slightly depleted in the absence of Jack Lumb, Fred Harder and Tommy Lock.

The main match will be one between age and youth (in terms of lawn bowls reckoning), and in the skipping department, Recreation "Blues" hold a slight advantage in the matter of experience.

The KCC men-men from the No. 1's to the No. 3's may perhaps do well to remember this, for whether their side will be able to repeat their brilliant performance of last year or not will depend mainly on their ability to outplay their opposing front-men.

Give their skips the lie and a favourable position as much as they can and they will be able to make a fight out of it. Average play only on their part may mean a 4-1 defeat.

SURPRISING

A rather surprising feature of the Recreation line-up is the playing of C. Rozz-Perreira at No. 2 after his 100 per cent skipping record last season.

Mention of this point does not in any way reflect on the capabilities of the three Recreation skips, Raoul Luz, Johnny Ribeiro and Jackie Noronha, but serves only to remind of that bulwark that all up and coming young skips are up against everywhere.

Here perhaps the words of a famous Australian bowler and author may be instructive. He said: "If you want to get anywhere in the game of bowls, don't star as a lead only. Of what use is all-round play if players are never given the chance to demonstrate their ability in this in matches? In one course they can say 'good-bye' to the movements learnt, which include firm, faster, and faster shots and all the fine points that go to make a first-class player."

"Someone has to lay the mat admittedly, but why the young generation except for a limited term? When the men whose shows are not so elastic, who are feeling the stress of the years, but who can draw the shot with the next are available, they should be used exclusively as leads and are usually very reliable."

DOUBTFUL

Coming back to the other big match of this afternoon, I doubt very much if Indian Recreation

Club on their performance, last week would be able to repeat their previous season's 4-1 win over Craigengower at Happy Valley.

The Valley club is a well balanced team this season, and perhaps for the first time in many years is playing almost every man in his right position.

The Indians, on the other hand, showed up only one really coherent rink last week and that was the four skipped by A. M. Omar.

Craigengower will boost their bid for the title considerably should they take maximum points this afternoon, and they seem to be fully capable of taking at least four points from this game.

In the Second Division games favourites should have a field day. Top favourites Kowloon Dock are not expected to meet with any serious opposition from Filipino Club and are well set for the maximum count.

Hongkong Football Club, also top contenders, are likely to take full points from the Hongkong Cricket Club to maintain their 100 per cent record.

Kowloon Cricket Club should at least take four points if not five from USRC who are this year without such stalwarts as Edwards and Osgrove.

The PRC-TC tussle will be comparatively the closest Second Division game of the afternoon, but even here a 4-1 win for Talook is more than likely.

With KBGC taking a bye in the Third Division this weekend, interest will be focused on Prison Officers' Club and USRC in their games against Kowloon Dock and Police.

In their opening matches last week, POC, USRC and KDC all chalked up four points each, and the POC-KDC encounter will provide the main highlight of today's Third Division games.

Both sides are capable of playing good bowls, but the odds rest slightly with the Prison Officers, who have been practising assiduously for the last few weeks.

Answers To Sports Quiz

1. James J. Corbett, Jack Johnson, Joe Louis, Jess Willard.
2. Luis Angel Firpo, Sam Langford, Tony Galento, Tommy Farr.
3. Primo Camera, Tommy Burns, Gene Tunney, Max Baer.
4. Victor McLaglen.
5. Ezzard Charles. He lost the title to Jersey Joe Walcott.
6. Jack Dempsey when winning the title from Willard in 1919 and defending it against Firpo in 1923.
7. In 1908 at Sydney when police intervened in the fourteenth round of the fight in which Jack Johnson lost the world title from Tommy Burns.
8. Max and Buddy Baer.
9. J. L. Barrow is Joe Louis (Joseph Louis Barrow) and Arnold Cream is the real name of Jersey Joe Walcott.
10. The second Gene Tunney-Jack Dempsey fight at Soldier's Field Chicago in 1927. Receipts were 2,650,680 dollars. Tunney's purse was 990,445 dollars.

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By Barry Appleby



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JACOBY ON BRIDGE

This Bridge Moral
Is Worth Knowing

By OSWALD JACOBY

TODAY'S hand has a very simple moral: If you make a shaded takeout double, beware of getting back into the auction. In today's hand North was safely out of the bidding after he had made a very weak takeout double, and he'd have been all right if he had just stayed out. His final bid practically begged for trouble.

As we have observed, North's takeout double of one spade was very weak. South couldn't afford to pass for penalties despite his length in spades, so he had to scramble into the cheapest three-card suit, clubs. Now West made a takeout double, setting a diamond response.

West didn't like diamonds, so he showed his other major suit. If North had passed, his opponents would have played the hand at the harmless contract of two hearts. If West played the hand carefully he'd have made that contract with an

NORTH		SOUTH	
♠ 4	♥ K 8 5	♠ 10 7 6	♥ 9 8 7 3
♦ K 8 5	♣ A K 10 7 6	♦ A Q J 5 2	♣ K 5
♠ A Q 10 4	♥ 9 8 7 3	♦ A K	♣ 10 9 8 3 2
♦ 8 2	♣ 7 5 4	♠ 10 9 8 7 3	♥ 7 4
Both sides vul.		Opening lead—♠ A	
West	North	East	South
1♠	Double	Pass	2♣
2♥	Pass	2♦	Pass
Double	Pass	Pass	Pass
Pass	Pass	Pass	Pass

overtrick, for a score of 90 points. If West got careless, he might even go down at two hearts.

When North actually decided to raise clubs he had no right to assume that he was working with a sound trump suit. He had forced his partner to bid, and it was possible that South had a completely worthless hand without even a four-card holding in clubs.

North knew, moreover, that West had a very good hand; so there was every reason to expect that West would try to get good value out of his cards. The penalty double of three clubs should have been foreseen as a practically certain result of a further bid by North.

To add to the North-South difficulties, the defense against three clubs was very good. West took his high diamonds, and East signalled with the ten and then the nine. West read this as an invitation to play the highest suit so he led a low spade to East's king.

East returned a diamond to give West a ruff. The defenders eventually got three heart tricks, and declarer was thus limited to six tricks. The penalty was thus 600 points on a hand that might well have been played at a part score.

CARD SENDS

Q—The bidding has been:
North East South West
1 Club Pass 1 Diamond Pass
1 Spade Pass?

You, South, hold: Spades Q-J-3, Hearts 7-4, Diamonds A-K-Q-J-5-4, Clubs K-4. What do you do?

A—Bid five diamonds, or bid three diamonds with the intention of going to five diamonds next. You want to show a good hand, a solid suit, and prospects of a slam if partner can supply a wealth of top cards.

TODAY'S QUESTION

The bidding is the same as in the question just answered. You, South, hold: Spades Q-J-3, Hearts 7, Diamonds A-K-Q-J-5-4, Clubs K-4. What do you do?

Answer on Monday

RENE MacCOLL AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY

In Boston they'd raid a joint like this!

London. But even my biased old jaw tell slightly against me, and I made the mistake of not taking the nudist nudists do that to me, just what effect will they have on Cousin Amy, up from Chelmsford the day, who decides to pop into the RA when the shopping's done?

REALISM

PROFESSOR RICHARDSON takes it in his stride. "Yes, I know we're breaking fresh ground in that respect," he says, "but it's a part of the new realism, which we are trying to encourage among the young."

And a flock of the boys have done just that. I don't suppose Jacob Reynolds (first P.R.A. under George III in 1769) would have quarrelled with the proposition—but what would romantic Lord Leighton (P.R.A. 1878) whose works were "put" chased by good Queen Victoria) have said?

I reminded Professor Richardson that just before the war the hanging committee had turned down a nude, painted by a very famous Academician indeed, an account of certain embellishments with which the lady was furnished. "Yes," he said, "but times have changed. We're not so prudish nowadays."

Perhaps the most startling of all the nudists is a provocative brunette executed by Chelsea-dwelling Mr. Anthony Devas (he has five other works on display). I rang him at his studio.

"I know, I know," said Mr. Devas, "and, frankly, I'm a little bit worried about what the reaction may be. I even went so far as to suggest to the hanging committee that perhaps I should withdraw the picture—but they are a very courageous group—young men mostly, and they stuck to their guns."

"Away with sham—let's face facts, pictorialists as well as writers. Why not?"

FATHER

BACK to Professor Richardson. And I should tell you that my interviewing him at all had a richly poignant overtone. For my late father, D. S. MacColl (1859-1948) was not only a poet and water-colour artist, and a considerable civil servant (boss successively of the Tate Gallery and the Wallace Collection) but also a controversial and hard-hitting art critic whose pet hate was the Royal Academy.

Richardson, well, remembers "D. S." and his frequent tilts at Burlington House, and so it was with the feeling that possibly the professor wished he had been spared the second generation that I went on to my criticism No. 2.

"Look here," I said, "the captions in your catalogue tend to be ludicrously pompous and long-winded. Take this Mr. F. Cadogan Cowper, R.A., has a portrait—and a very charming one too—of a young girl. And, would you believe it, it is entitled, 'Elizabeth, daughter of General F. V. B. W. C.B.' For the life of me, I can't see what relevance her gallant father's decorations have to Elizabeth's likeness."

SECRETS

ONCE again Professor Richardson disarmed me with genial laughter and ready agreement. "I'll let you into a secret," he said. "I was going to say in my speech at the banquet last night that the catalogue this year reminded me of an illustrated guide to the 'landed gentry'—but I got cold feet at the last moment and left it out."

"A pity!" I commented—and furthermore your artists are not consistent. Take Norman Haple's 'Lord and

DARTWORDS

FOR your Dart-words today take words from the starting point and proceed to the middle of the circle, progress is made by rearranging the letters between any word and the one next to it, according to one of six rules.

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4. It may be associated with the preceding word in a saying, simile, metaphor, or association of ideas.
5. It may form with the preceding word a name of a well-known person, place or thing.
6. It may be associated with the preceding word in a title or in the action of a book, play or other composition.

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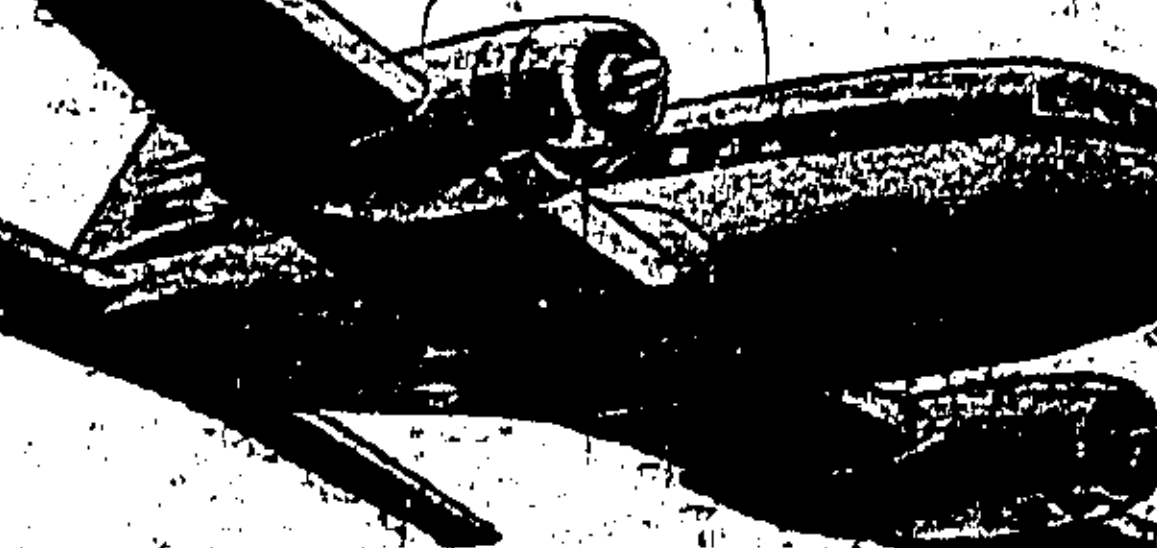
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SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1955.

JOHN CLARKE'S CASEBOOK

On His Own

THERE are men getting on for twice Edward's age who, compared to him, seem as robust as striplings. For Edward, at 44, seems to have abandoned all hope and entirely to have lost faith in himself and the world.

At Victoria Station one afternoon a policeman saw Edward, and became suspicious of him because of the seeming purposelessness with which he shuffled among the hurrying crowds. Edward, the policeman decided was up to no good.

When Edward meandered out into the street, the officer followed.

ONLY A CIGARETTE

IN the street, Edward, a tall, rake-thin man in scarecrow clothes, whose long greying hair looked as though a hurricane had combed it, began to try to stop people passing by.

The watching policeman could not hear what Edward said, but he noticed that the people he stopped brushed him aside and hurried on, looking angry. That was enough. Edward was arrested for using insulting behaviour likely to cause a breach of the peace.

At Bow Street next morning Edward pleaded not guilty. In the voice of an old, departing man, he said: "I may have seemed to catch at people's arms and all that, but I was really only asking for a cigarette."

The magistrate, Mr. K. J. P. Barrington, found the case proved. "Is anything known?" he asked.

DOCTOR'S REPORT

THE police knew nothing to Edward's detriment. He was sent off to see the probation officer, and presently was brought back.

"This man," the probation officer said, "is an inmate of reception centre. He was found for him last July, but he said he preferred doing nothing. Unless something is done, he may stay at the reception centre for the rest of his life, and never do any work. If I might suggest a doctor's report..."

The magistrate nodded, and Edward was remanded for a medical report.

ROOT OF THE TROUBLE

THREE weeks passed, and Edward was brought back. Time seemed not to have made much difference to his appearance. His cheeks were hollowed still and in his eyes was only indifference.

But the doctors had got to the root of his troubles, and now the probation officer went into the witness-box to explain.

"This man used to live with his mother in a town on the south coast," he said. "He used to work down there—in the gas-works. Then, three years ago, his mother died."

"During her life she had always sheltered him, and when he lost her, I think that he wasn't able to look after himself at all."

"I see the doctors suggest a few months of treatment," the magistrate said.

HOPE, AGAIN

THE probation officer replied: "Yes, sir, and he will go quite happily and voluntarily. 'Is that right?' the magistrate asked Edward. 'Are you prepared to co-operate with the people who are going to try to look after you?'"

"Yes, I am," Edward said. "Then I shall discharge you conditionally for six months, the condition being that for that time you will reside where you are told."

Edward, gravely nodded. "Okay," said Edward. "Okay, sir, thank you."

The slang came oddly from him as though he recalled it from a long way back in time, from the days when he went about the world as other men do, when he had his mother's love and faith to sustain and shield him. "Okay," it was almost as if he were giving the password that would presently admit him back from the shadows to the world of men.

PARIS MADE BIG 4 TALKS

POSSIBLE Adenauer Very Pleased With Results

Bonn, May 13.

Dr Konrad Adenauer, the Western German Chancellor, said today that only the ratification of the Paris agreements had made a Four-Power conference possible.

Any hopes for an all-German reunification without a successful Four-Power conference were "Utopian," he said.

Dr Adenauer was giving the Federal Cabinet a two-hour report on his visit to Paris and West Germany's entry into the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation and the Western European Union.

GREAT PROGRESS

The recent Paris talks had brought great progress and, he said, "very pleased." The achievement of German reunification would be a lengthy process. It involved other great world problems, including tension in the Far East. It would be an error to expect results quickly.

Herr Franz Blumhagen, the Vice-Chancellor, congratulated Dr Adenauer on behalf of the Cabinet, on the "successes" which West German foreign policy had won in recent days.

DAVIS CUP RESULTS

Prague, May 13.

Belgium gained a lead of 2-0 against Czechoslovakia today when their European Zone second round Davis Cup Tie opened here, winning both singles.

At Budapest, Hungary, having lost the first two singles yesterday, kept their second round Tie alive by winning the doubles against Chile.

Josef Asboth and Andras Adam beat Luis Ayala and Andre Hammerley 7-5, 7-5, 6-4 to leave Chile with a 2-1 lead in the match, which ends tomorrow with the last two singles.

Winners of the Tie meet Belgium or Czechoslovakia in the next round.

At Copenhagen, rain interfered with play when Denmark and South Africa began their second round.

Ian Vermaak (South Africa) was in sight of victory over Kurt Nielsen (Denmark) when rain stopped play and the match together with the other single will be finished tomorrow, weather permitting.

The score at the time of the abandonment of play with Vermaak was 6-4, 1-6, 2-6, 6-1, 5-1. Winners of the Tie meet Germany or Italy in the next round.

BOYS AND GIRLS PAGE SOLUTIONS

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TRIANGLE: A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, R, S, T, U, V, W, X, Y, Z.

REHEADING: Score, core, ore.

WACKY COMPASS: Help help is the best help.

QUIZ FUN: 1-c, 2-s, 3-s, 4-t, 5-l, 6-l, 7-c, 8-d, 9-d, 10-b.

Embarrassing Revelation

Johannesburg, May 1. Experts at the Government laboratory which analysed blood smears of diseased cattle were stamped by a blood sample sent in for study by one rancher.

Their decision: it was not the blood of any known breed of cattle but most likely a baboon's.

No one was more embarrassed than the rancher. He had sent in a smear of his own blood as a joke on the experts.—United Press.

IT'S STILL 16 FEET FOR DON

San Francisco, May 13.

Mr Joseph Phillips, Commissioner of the California Athletic Commission, today rejected a plea by the manager of Don Cockell for a 20-foot ring for his fight with Heavyweight Champion Rocky Marciano, on May 16.

The Commissioner said that a ring which measures about 16 feet four inches which is already installed in Kezar Stadium for the fight on Monday night, will be used.

He told Mr John Simpson, the English champion's manager, and E. J. (Ted) Waltham, Secretary of the British Board of Boxing Control, that as far as he knew there was not a ring square in the State of California.

ARGUMENT

It developed in a 30-minute argument over this one issue that another ring in consideration—the one in the "Circo Auditorium" here—was originally constructed to measure 20 feet inside the rope.

But Mr Phillips said that years ago he received so many complaints from American managers that he cut it down to its present 16 feet six inches.

Promoter Jimmy Murray conceded that he told Cockell's manager recently that a 20-foot ring would be used.

It was also confirmed that eight ounce gloves would be used in the fight.—Reuter.

County Cricket Championship

London, May 13.

Though rain washed out three games today and interrupted several others two counties, Middlesex and Nottinghamshire, gained championship wins in the English county cricket programme.

Middlesex beat Essex at Lords by 70 runs with over three hours to spare to score their first championship win of the season.

The Middlesex spin bowler, Jack Young, and Fred Titmus each took four wickets and despite a stubborn eighth wicket stand of 56 between Test all-rounder Trevor Bailey and Brian Taylor, Essex were well beaten.

SPIN BOWLERS

Two more spin bowlers, Kenneth Smiles and Bruce Dooland, helped Nottinghamshire dismiss Hampshire at Portsmouth for 222 of which Jimmy Gray hit 98. Nottinghamshire, set to make only 22 runs, won by nine wickets.—Reuter.

PRESS OBSTACLES CAUSE CONCERN

Copenhagen, May 13.

The International Press Institute assembly here today declared it was "deeply grieved" to learn that in many countries, especially in the Middle East and South America, serious obstacles were placed in the way of the Press or that Press freedom simply did not exist.

The assembly, conferring on "foreign news and the reader," said in a final resolution that it was fully informed of the attacks which were being made on the freedom of the Press, even in democratic countries.

The Secretariat of the Institute was instructed to inform its members of all cases where Press freedom was limited or suppressed.

INFORM PUBLIC

All members were urged to inform public opinion and warn governments which threatened Press freedom and to defend colleagues who became victims of limitations of the Press.

The assembly had earlier discussed the work of news agencies.

The Chairman, Mr Terkel Terkel, editor of Berlingske Tidende, Copenhagen, said he had nothing against the big news agencies and thought they were better than their reputation but they fell down in the interpretation of events as they could not find the right tone for all newspapers in the world.

Mr E. Carlsbach of Maartv, Tel-Aviv, blamed news agencies for poor presentation of foreign news. Agencies, he said, were run on the very easy but debatable formula of believing that big news in the country where it happened would be regarded as big news everywhere.

The news agencies confined themselves principally first to civil war, secondly to border incidents, thirdly to earthquakes and floods and fourthly and very rarely or never to human interest news.

The news agencies' basic approach was false because it was impossible to standardise news.

This had resulted in almost universal indifference to 80 per cent of the copy they circulated.—Reuter.

OAKS TRIAL STAKES

London, May 14.

Seven probable starters and jockeys for the Oaks Trial Stakes to be run over 12 furlongs at 1400 GMT at Lingfield Park, Sussex, today are:

Belladonna (E. Smith), Ark Royal (E. Mercer), Mistress Grace (L. Pigott), Mighty Mo (A. Greaves) and Thunder (W. H. Carr). All carry nine stone.—China Mail Special.

Trieste, May 13.

A group of 800 Italian and Austrian emigrants left here today for Australia aboard the motor-ship Aurelia.

The ship will pick up another 214 emigrants at Malta and will proceed to Fremantle, Australia, where it is due to arrive on June 3.—United Press.

BEREAVED MOTHER TO PETITION THE QUEEN

Nairobi, May 13.

A bereaved mother in black whose son was butchered by Mau Mau terrorists last month stood outside Nairobi's leading hotel yesterday collecting many signatures to a petition she hopes to present personally to the Queen.

She was Mrs Naomi Twohey mother of 13-year-old Christopher Robin Twohey who with his schoolboy friend Geoffrey Danby was murdered while shooting pigeons on the outskirts of the city.

The petition asks the Queen to send a judicial committee of inquiry to Kenya to examine security arrangements for the protection of all races.

Mrs Twohey stood throughout the day beside a green baize card table in the hotel entrance collecting signatures of housewives and office workers. She plans to continue this every day until she leaves for England later this month with her husband.

DETERMINED

"I am determined if possible to present this petition myself to the Queen when I get to England," she said today.

The death of my son and Geoffrey Danby shall not be in vain.

The petition published today in the weekly magazine Comment—organ of the right-wing Federal Independence Party—said "proper steps are not being taken in the colony to protect the helpless from mutilation at the hands of the Mau Mau."

It listed four murderous attacks on European families and children during the 24-year emergency, the murder of two Asian boys in Nairobi last month and recalled the Lari massacre in March 1953 when more than 100 Kikuyu men, women and children were slain in the "night of the long knives."

The petition also listed complaints by the Twoheys that police were slow and inefficient in beginning the search for their son and Geoffrey Danby after they were reported missing.—China Mail Special.

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